Silver Screen

ember

0¢

ngland

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
SEP -8 1933
PERIODICAL DIVISION



e Dunne
and
les Boyer

CREEN LOVERS FROM OTHER LANDS COMPARE HEIR TECHNIQUE WITH THE AMERICAN WAY!

CAGNEY

MEETS A

RAFT

OF TROUBLE!

For the first time—Jimmy and George crashing head-on—outblasting each other with a brand of dynamite no screen has offered before! Thrills beyond measure! Excitement beyond all precedent! . . . *It's the picture that tops 'Angels with Dirty Faces' and it's made by* WARNER BROS.

"EACH DAWN I DIE"

with

JANE BRYAN • GEORGE BANCROFT • MAXIE ROSENBLOOM

Directed by *WILLIAM KEIGHLEY* • Presented by WARNER BROS.

Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and Warren Duff • From the Novel by Jerome Odlum • A First National Picture



"Flower-fresh" she emerges from the tub and she'll stay that way with Mum



Smart girls know that a bath alone can't prevent underarm odor

YOUR bath is over—how gloriously fresh and sweet you feel! How easy to think tonight will be *your* night—tonight you'll win romance! But will you? Not if you foolishly trust that bath alone for *lasting* charm.

For no matter how fresh you feel when you *start* on your date, no bath can *keep* you sweet. A bath removes only *past* perspiration, it can't prevent odor *to come*. Mum can! That's why underarms need necessary, *daily* care—with Mum—after every bath, before every date. More women use Mum than any other deodorant...it's so pleasant, so easy to use—so utterly dependable! You know underarm odor is *impossible*, when you use Mum every day!

MUM IS QUICK! A touch of Mum smoothed under this arm, under that, takes only 30 seconds. How convenient!

MUM IS SAFE! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can use Mum *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving, you will find Mum soothing to your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. Get Mum at any drugstore today. Remember, if you neglect your Mum just *once* you may be the loser. Play safe with your charm! After your bath, and before your date, make a *habit* of Mum!

MUM HELPS YOU THIS WAY, TOO!
Thousands of women prefer Mum for sanitary napkins because it's gentle, safe. Avoid embarrassment—always use Mum this way!



Popular girls never neglect the one quick step between bath and date that makes them sure of charm. They know Mum makes underarm odor impossible all evening long.



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

AUG -2 1939 ©C1B 427127

The Opening Chorus

JOANIE TAKES A BATH

By Liza

DEAR ED:

With all the perfectly wonderful things in this weary world of ours to worry about, I always have to get caught out on something silly. For years now I've been worrying about movie stars taking their baths. I don't mean at home, goodness sakes no, but on the sets at the studios with the cameras clicking. And with all the crew standing around gaping! What do the poor darlings do? Isn't it enough to make your hair curl!

All rumors to the contrary, the Glamour Gals are a pretty folksy lot and as modest as they come these days. They don't like to go around stripping, or taking public baths, I can assure you, so what a commotion there must be when the director says: "Miss Tootsie-Pie, you will now jump into the tub." Well, I can worry about something just so long and then I've got to have it out, so when I heard that Joan Crawford was taking a bath the other day over on "The Women" set I hot-footed it there in double quick time. And now I am an authority on star bathing.

Naturally, when a star bathes for her public the set is closed tighter than a Scotsman's purse. "No Visitors Allowed" signs are plastered all over the place, and that goes for all the studio people too, but when I make up my mind to crash a set I crash it. Usually a very gabby stage, as you can well imagine with all those women around, the place had been combed with a fine tooth comb until there was no one left except the director, the cameraman, and the technical crew (lucky boys) plus the script girl, a hairdresser or so, Joan's maid, and, of all things—a technical director. Imagine having a woman tell you how to take a bath! But that's pictures for you.

The scene was a bathroom where Joan, as Crystal, a dame from the perfume counter who stole Norma Shearer's husband, takes a bath while she talks to her new boy friend over the phone. The bathroom fixtures are rather gaudy—Crystal's that kind of a girl—and the tub is a crystal affair, transparent my dear, with swans on it. It was half full of water, very hot and soapy, in which there was an aluminum tube through which pressed air was coming. The pressed air makes the bubbles, and for screen bathing, pets, there's nothing like plenty of bubbles. When the bubbles were up to the top of the tub Joan came out of her stage dressing room in a long white robe. She inspected the bubbles carefully, and while her maid held a huge towel she jumped into the tub. The technicians, I may say, were very nice, they turned their backs while Joan jumped.

And what does the well dressed movie star wear for public bathing? Ah, there, I had you. They don't strip after all! Joan had on pink lastex panties and a brassiere. (The panties her maid dried out later on a big klieg light, which gave quite a homey look to the set.) "Camera," said Director George Cukor, and the

[*Continued on page* 14]

REFLECTING *the* MAGIC *of* HOLLYWOOD

SEPTEMBER, 1939

VOLUME NINE
NUMBER ELEVEN

Silver Screen

LESTER C. GRADY
Editor

ELIZABETH WILSON
Western Editor

LENORE SAMUELS
Assistant Editor

FRANK J. CARROLL
Art Director

CONTENTS

STORIES AND ARTICLES PAGE

Foreign Love Technique ... MAUD CHEATHAM 22
Is it really different from the American way?

She'll Take Deanna's Place ... GLADYS HALL 26
Get acquainted with Gloria Jean, Deanna Durbin's successor

The Hollywood Race Track Crowd ... ED SULLIVAN 38
Who they are, what they bet and what harm it does, if any

The Tricky Things Women Will Do! ... FAITH SERVICE 40
The cast of "The Women" squeals on its own sex

So You're Having Your Picture Taken? ... WILLIAM LYNCH VALLÉE 42
Hollywood experts offer helpful hints before you see your photographer

Is Errol Flynn Just Plain Lucky? ... BEN MADDOX 44
Untold incidents of his early start as an actor

That Gay Southern Gal From London! ... ELIZABETH WILSON 46
You don't know the real Vivien Leigh till you read this

Unmasking the Man in the Iron Mask ... GENE HARVEY 48
In other words, the lowdown on Louis Hayward

PICTORIAL PROFILES

"Million Dollar Legs" Betty and Her Hubby ... 24
Betty Grable and husband Jackie Coogan as they actually are

The Powells ... 36
At home with Joan Blondell and Dick Powell
(Photos by Gene Lester)

MONTHLY FEATURES

The Opening Chorus ... 4
Liza watches Joan Crawford take a bath!

Tips on Pictures ... 10
Pictures to see and to miss

Return to Beauty ... MARY LEE 16
Repairing the damage of the summer sun

Topics For Gossip ... 19
Hollywood's latest highlights in print and pictures

We Point With Pride ... 34
To Henry Fonda!

Reviews ... 50
West Coast reports on the new films

Pictures on the Fire! ... DICK MOOK 56
Watching them make forthcoming productions

ART GALLERY

Linda Darnell and Melvyn Douglas ... 28–29
Helen Gilbert and Margaret Lockwood ... 30–31
Andrea Leeds and Gary Cooper ... 32
Carole Lombard and Cary Grant ... 33

OTHER FEATURES

Hollywood's Gala Premiere of "Young Mr. Lincoln" ... 35
Filmdom's Who's Who attended

Foto Flashes! ... 51
Away from the studios with the stars

Cooler Days Are Coming! ... 52
Advance fashion hints

COVER PORTRAIT OF IRENE DUNNE AND CHARLES BOYER BY MARLAND STONE

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer

SILVER SCREEN. Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc., at 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 530 W. Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SILVER SCREEN assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscriptions $1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; $1.50 in Canada; foreign $1.60. **Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address.** Entered as second class matter, September 23, 1930, at the Post Office, New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois. Copyright 1939 by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Printed in the U. S. A.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Lady Esther says—

"The wronq shade of powder can turn the RIGHT MAN away!"



Don't ruin your close-ups. Make the test I urge, and find the powder shade most flattering to you!

Why spoil your own charm? Find the shade of my powder that glorifies your skin—the one shade that is *Lucky For You!*

YOU KNOW how critical the eyes of men can be. So why guess—why gamble when you choose your face powder? Actually some shades make you *look years older.* Others flatter you. Until you do the Lady Esther test, it is almost impossible to know.

For powders and powder shades can be very deceiving, and unless you compare many right on your own skin and with the help of your own mirror, you may never know the shade that flatters you most—*that makes you most alluring*—that brings you the greatest of luck!

Right at this moment you may innocently be using a shade that's all wrong for you—a shade that clouds your beauty—a shade that suited you four months ago but which is *all wrong* for you now.

Don't risk it, please. It's a shame to take such chances. For there is, among my *ten thrilling new shades* of face powder, one that is *right* for you—one that will bring you luck.



Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you to try *all my shades* which I will send you free. Don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one that's really right for you.

And the minute you find it, your eyes will know—*your mirror will tell you.* Other women will tell you that you look younger and fresher... and men will murmur to themselves—"She's lovely."

A *True Beauty Powder.* When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. *And it clings four full hours!* If you use it after dinner, you will be free of powder worries until midnight.

So write me and find *your luckiest shade.* Let it flatter your beauty always—help you win more luck in life and love.



There's a "4 leaf clover" in life for every girl who finds her lucky shade of Lady Esther Face Powder.

(46) (You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7162 West 65th Street, Chicago, Illinois

FREE! Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of Face Powder, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

LADY ESTHER POWDER

Gaiety . . Glory . .

IT'S METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S TECHNICOLOR TRIUMPH!



The WIZ



Don magic red slippers (presented by the beloved Good Witch), whirl from the Everyday with Dorothy and Toto, the wonder dog —first exciting stop . . . Munchkinland!







Join the harum-scarum Scarecrow —in his hunt for a brain—dodge self-picking apple trees that pelt you with their fruit—



Meet the Tin Man—oil his rusty joints—hear him creak out his sad tale—he's minus a heart —and doesn't know where to find one—

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with JUDY GARLAND (*as Dorothy*), FRANK MORGAN (*as the Wizard*), RAY BOLGER (*as the Scarecrow*), BERT LAHR (*as the Cowardly Lion*), JACK HALEY (*as the Tin Woodman*), BILLIE BURKE (*as the Good Witch*), MARGARET HAMILTON (*as the Bad Witch*), CHARLEY GRAPEWIN (*as Uncle Henry*) and the Munchkins • Screenplay by Noel Langley, Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf • From the book by L. Frank Baum • A Victor Fleming Production • Produced by Mervyn Le Roy • Directed by Victor Fleming

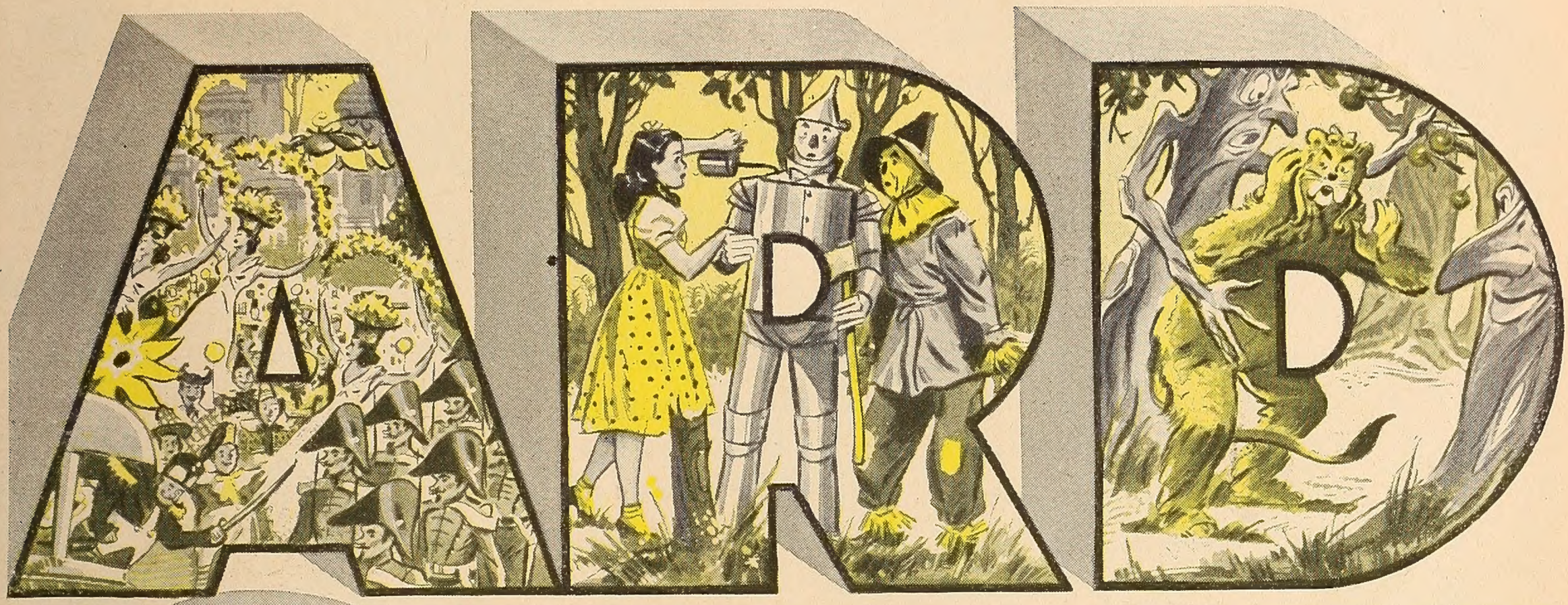
Glamour



Magic Music

BY HAROLD ARLEN AND E. Y. HARBURG

"Over the Rainbow"
"If I Only Had a Brain"
"We're Off to See the Wizard"
"The Merry Old Land of Oz"
"Ding Dong"
"If I Were King of the Forest"







DARING WHAT NEVER HAS BEEN DARED BEFORE!

M-G-M has brought to life the story book that has long defied filming! Spun adult motion picture fare out of pure fantasy! Made a lion out of a man—given wings to monkeys—trained trees to dance—made a tin man walk—a scarecrow live—created a jitterbug—photographed the inside of a tornado! Utilized the brain and brawn of 165 arts and crafts—built 65 separate sets—gathered together hundreds of midgets—built a city of 22,000 separate glass objects—built a haunted forest—made 40,000 poppies bloom where none were before—used 35 make-up experts, headed by the dean of plastic make-up—created 212,180 separate sound effects—introduced a symphony of 120 musicians, a chorus of 300! Employed a total of 9,200 actors—rehearsed for months—solved engineering and photographing problems never before encountered—took two years to bring you one hundred minutes of scintillating, fascinating screen entertainment!



Coax along the Cowardly Lion—so utterly lacking in courage your adventures will fairly set his tail on end—

Don't let the Winged Monkeys or the Winkies head you off—keep going—marvel at the Emerald City—hail the Wizard of Oz himself.



The Pied Piper of Show Business leading a thousand kids up from the city streets to Stardom!

KIDS . . . skinny kids . . . plump kids . . . boys and girls from the sidewalks of old New York . . . singing their way, dancing their way, clowning their way to stardom under the magical direction of a tin pan alley song-writer, a small-time hoofer . . . That is the story Paramount tells, throbbingly, gloriously, in this singing cavalcade of show business . . . "The Star Maker," based on famed showman Gus Edwards' amazing life history. You'll thrill to the lilting, heart stirring music! You'll thrill to the new star discovery, Linda Ware, as she sings to the accompaniment of a great Symphony Orchestra conducted by Walter Damrosch. You'll thrill to Bing Crosby, as "The Star Maker," the strongest, most human part Bing has ever played . . . but, most of all, you'll thrill to the kids themselves, dozens and dozens of 'em—as they sing and dance their way into your heart!



A Paramount Picture · Directed by Roy Del Ruth · Produced by **CHARLES R. ROGERS** · Screen Play by Frank Butler, Don


Paramount Presents
"THE STAR MAKER"
The Cavalcade of Show Business
"Still the Bluebird Sings"
"AN APPLE FOR TEACHER"
"GO FLY A KITE"
with BING CROSBY
Louise Campbell · Ned Sparks · Laura Hope Crews
Walter Damrosch with The Philharmonic Orchestra of Los Angeles - and
LINDA WARE
The Adventures of WILLIE RABBIT
Hartman and Arthur Caesar · Based on a Story by Arthur Caesar and William A. Pierce · Suggested by the Career of Gus Edwards



ALWAYS ACTIVE



ALWAYS ON THE JOB!



ALWAYS GLAMOROUS

How Hollywood solved one of woman's greatest problems!

Screen stars can't afford to be "indisposed" certain days of the month. Their "time" may come the day their big scene is to be shot. Or the evening of an important first night.

Holly-Pax, the revolutionary new mode of sanitary protection, was developed in answer to screen stars' insistent demand for a form of protection that would make their secret *theirs alone.*

A tampon used internally, Holly-Pax eliminates pads, pins, belts. Holly-Pax can't show—even in a swim suit! Its comfort is astonishing—no chafing, no binding, no disposal problem. Due to its method of absorption, no odor can form. What peace of mind and poise this feature brings!

Ask for Holly-Pax at any drug, department or ten cent store; package of four, 10 cents; package of ten, 20 cents.

holly-Pax

REG. U S. PAT. OFF

20c for package of ten



HOLLY-PAX S99
Palms Station, Hollywood, California

For the enclosed 10 cents please send me trial package of Holly-Pax in plain wrapper.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Tips on Pictures



Steffi Duna, as the girl, and Tim Holt, as the gambler, in "The Girl and the Gambler," featuring Leo Carrillo.

CHARLIE CHAN IN RENO—Interesting. The popular divorce colony becomes the background of an odd murder that solicits all the native shrewdness of good old Charlie, the Chinese detective character originated by Warner Oland and now so ably succeeded by Sidney Toler. It is colorful, exciting film fare. (Ricardo Cortez, Phyllis Brooks.)

CLOUDS OVER EUROPE—Fine. Made in England by Columbia, this exciting spy film deals subtly with the present political crisis while, at the same time, it embodies all the blood and thunder of a first-rate hokum melodrama. Excellent cast includes Laurence Olivier, Valerie Hobson and Ralph Richardson.

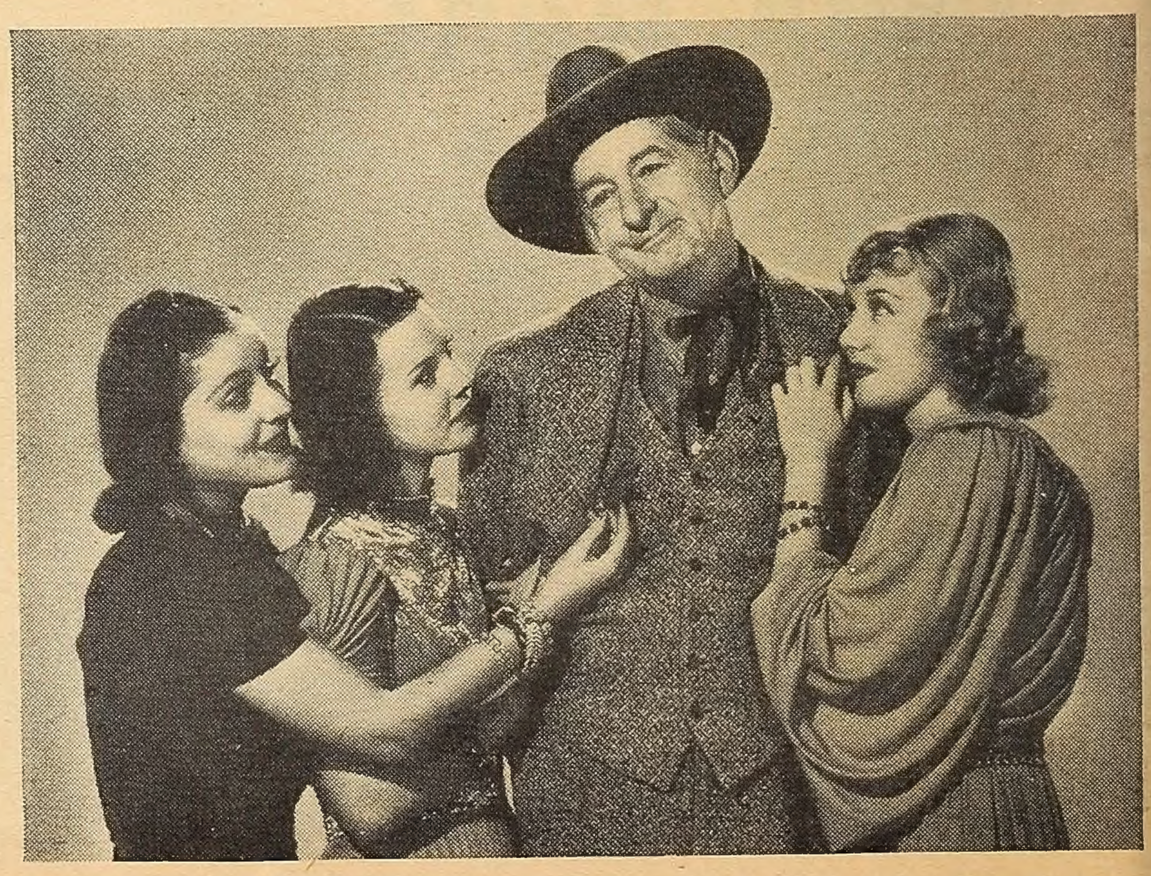
DOWN THE WYOMING TRAIL—Interesting. Cattle rustling on snowshoes is really something new under the Western sun, and you'll be thrilled by the ingenious manner in which it is handled in this stirring Tex Ritter yarn of the great open spaces. As usual, Tex sings some lilting, cowboy airs, using Mary Brodel as his romantic stooge.

GIRL AND THE GAMBLER, THE—So-so. A remake of Willard Mack's famous New York play, "The Dove." At this time the story, that of a Mexican Robin Hood, vintage of 1912 or thereabouts, is more than a bit outmoded. Leo Carrillo lends a bit of dash and color to his role and Steffi Duna is well cast as the native dancer. (Tim Holt.)

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS—Splendid. Easily one of the best films of the year, telling in charming, leisurely fashion the story of an English schoolmaster whose heart is wrapped up in the lives of the boys he teaches. His brief romance during his middle-age is a tender and beautiful interlude and the war years are handled with infinite understanding. Robert Donat and Greer Garson play the leading roles superbly.

GRAND JURY SECRETS—Good. Although this film deals with the unmasking of phony stock promoters and bucketshops by the zealous district attorney, there is quite an element of novelty worked into the unweaving of the plot by the use of amateur shortwave broadcasters. Cast includes John Howard, William Frawley and Gail Patrick.

[*Continued on page* 12]



Good old Slim Summerville, who supplies the comedy relief in "Charlie Chan in Reno," seems more than pleased in the company of Louise Henry, Pauline Moore and Phyllis Brooks. Sidney Toler is Charlie.



"That Luster-Foam 'bubble bath' in the New Listerine Tooth Paste is so refreshing, so effective," says Mrs. Carl N. Dunn of Warrenton, Va., and Fort Myers, Fla.



"I've never known *anything* like Luster-Foam for making teeth bright, clean and sparkling," says Miss Elise Knox, charming Greenwich, Connecticut, society girl.

In the land of loveliness this new, luster-giving tooth paste gets its warmest welcome



Miss Hillary Brooke, cinema actress and artists' model, says: "My work demands the sparkle of lustrous teeth. Luster-Foam keeps them always looking their best."

Energizing agent in New Listerine Tooth Paste gives teeth dazzling brilliance

Look where smiles are loveliest, and what's the dentifrice that you hear everybody raving about?

It's the New Listerine Tooth Paste supercharged with amazing Luster-Foam detergent. The dainty, foaming, aromatic "bubble bath" that Luster-Foam creates gives super-cleansing and dazzling luster in a new, different, delightful way.

You simply must try it; must see for yourself how Luster-Foam acts. How it goes to work on the danger zones where some authorities say more than 75% of decay starts.

How Luster-Foam Acts

At the first touch of brush and saliva, Luster-Foam detergent leaps into a safe, foaming "bubble bath" (20,000 cleansing bubbles to the square inch). Your only sensation is that of mouth invigoration; yet that "bubble bath" has unbelievable penetrating power and hence super-cleansing effect.

It surges over the teeth, around them, even goes to work on those remote and hard-to-reach areas where more than 75% of decay is estimated to start.

These danger zones lie between the teeth, on front and back of teeth, and on bite surfaces,—with their tiny pits, cracks, fissures, and enamel defects, which harbor decay-fostering foods, acids, and bacteria.

Meanwhile, it attacks dull, greasy films which dim the enamel . . . Its continued use brings new brilliance, flash and luster.

No wonder the New Listerine Tooth Paste is so popular with glamour girls of business and society, stage, screen, and studio. Get a tube of the New Formula Listerine Tooth Paste at any drug counter now. In two economical sizes: Regular, 25¢ and big, double-size tube, containing more than ¼ lb., 40¢.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE *NEW* FORMULA

supercharged with

LUSTER-FOAM

($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$)

P.S. Listerine Tooth Powder also contains Luster-Foam





NOW *you* can wear the very latest Fifth Avenue fashions, yet pay only a fraction of the price of the original models! Our MAGAZINE OF FASHION offers a splendid selection of the finest styles for Fall—far more than you could find in any one shop. Send for it, and learn how our "Finish-at-Home" Plan will enable you to have *custom-cut* frocks that fit you perfectly.

CUT TO YOUR INDIVIDUAL MEASUREMENTS

■ Many thousands of fashionable women have learned that only *custom-cut* clothes fit perfectly. And that's exactly what you get through our "Finish-at-Home" Plan, because we cut your frocks to *your exact measurements.* Then every bit of difficult sewing is completed by our expert men-tailors, and we furnish all trimmings and findings. *You* have only a few simple seams to finish—*and it's so easy!*

SMART WARDROBE ACCESSORIES, TOO

■ To give you the final degree of *chic*, we also offer in our MAGAZINE OF FASHION a lovely array of *completely-made* wardrobe accessories, representing the finest styles of the Fall season, and priced far below their exclusive Paris and Fifth Avenue originals.

■ In addition, we include the newest creations of BETTY WALES, the famous designer, and head of our Personal Fashion Service. If you want to become the best dressed woman in your set, send today for our MAGAZINE OF FASHION FOR FALL . . . it's **FREE!**



WE HAVE A CONVENIENT BUDGET PLAN

FIFTH AVENUE MODES, Inc.



71 Fifth Ave., Dept. 66, New York
Send me, FREE, *your Fall*
"MAGAZINE OF FASHION"

Name

Address

City State



Mickey Rooney puts on a jitterbug number with the youngsters between scenes of "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever," his latest for M-G-M.

HOUSE OF FEAR, THE—Good. A tremendously exciting murder mystery, with a Broadway theatre the scene of the unusual crime. William Gargan plays the detective who takes over the theatre after it closes, rehires the cast, with the exception, of course, of the murdered star, and proceeds to unravel the plot with great finesse. (Irene Hervey, Alan Dinehart.)

INSIDE INFORMATION—Good. For the second half of dual programs, this tale of the police force will prove very entertaining. Time apparently marches on in every profession and the strongarm methods once used by the minions of the law have given way to more scientific measures, which, according to this yarn, are far more successful in the long run. (Dick Foran. Harry Carey, June Lang, Mary Carlisle.)

MAN OF CONQUEST—Fine. A superior epic biography telling the fascinating story of Sam Houston's political career under the tutelage of Andrew Jackson, and showing in spectacular fashion the part Houston played during the conquest of Texas from Mexico. Richard Dix plays Houston impressively, and Joan Fontaine and Gail Patrick play the two lovely women in his life. (Edward Ellis-Ralph Morgan.)

SAINT IN LONDON, THE—Fine. This series of mystery films, authored by Leslie Charteris, are catching on like a house afire. Again George Sanders plays the title role in his particularly persuasive fashion, and once again the various angles of the plot have Scotland Yard completely baffled for a time. If you like mysteries, this is your screen fare. (Sally Grey.)

SONS OF LIBERTY—Fine. One of the very impressive series of short historical subjects recently produced by Warners, this tells the story of Haym Solomon, the great Jewish patriot, who played an important role during the American Revolution. Excellent cast includes Claude Rains, Donald Crisp, Gale Sondergard, Montague Love.

TARZAN FINDS A SON—Good. From the adult's point of view this may prove rather improbable film fare, but for the kids of all ages it's exciting stuff. The plot concerns the attempted kidnapping of the little boy that Tarzan and

Dirty Faces..Hungry Hearts

BUT WITH A SONG IN THEIR SOULS !

Kids who'll dig right down into your heart—so human, so natural, so downright lovable! And a glowing romance that will send you from the theatre with a lump in your throat!



SAMUEL GOLDWYN *presents*

Jascha HEIFETZ

in

THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC!

with

Joel McCREA · Andrea LEEDS

Gene REYNOLDS Walter BRENNAN

Directed by ARCHIE MAYO

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

his mate have found in the jungle and reared as their own. The jungle atmosphere is expertly handled and there are some fine swimming scenes by Tarzan and his son. (Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan, Ian Hunter.) As soon as Johnny Weissmuller is free from the Aquacade at the New York World's Fair, he'll do another Tarzan picture.

TELL NO TALES—Good. An exciting situation occurs when Melvyn Douglas, as the editor of a newspaper, tries to boost circulation by going hell-bent-for-heaven after a kidnapping gang, using their ransom note as a clue. Plenty of meat here for adventure-loving picture goers. In cast, Louise Platt, Douglas Dumbrille, Gene Lockhart, Florence George.

UNDERCOVER DOCTOR—Good. Another thrilling film in the series of authentic G-Man stories, inspired by J. Edgar Hoover. This one deals with the unethical and unlawful practice of surgery on criminals by physicians in the lower brackets who have a craving for Park Avenue shingles. (Lloyd Nolan, J. Carrol Naish, Heather Angel.)

ZERO HOUR, THE—Fair. A rather morbid tale about a theatrical producer (Otto Kruger) and his talented star (Frieda Inescourt) who meet with an auto accident while on their way to get married. The producer is paralyzed for life but the girl remains loyal to him throughout the tragic years that follow.

Joanie Takes a Bath

[Continued from page 4]

action started. Between "takes" Joan stayed in the tub (a star doesn't use a stand-in for bathing I discovered).

I could give you quite a jolt if I wanted to. I could say that this was the first bath Joan has had in years. And I wouldn't be lying. You see, Joan has a bathtub phobia. She simply doesn't like bathtubs. There isn't a bathtub in her entire house. She adores showers, and has them all over the place.

I talked with Joan when the day's bathing was over and she told me that she had spent eleven hours in the tub the first day, and seven the next day. That the water was terribly hot (better bubbles) and that she lost *eleven* pounds. (Mamie, quick, bring me a tub.) She was so worn out at the end of the second day and felt so weak from the loss of weight that she called up her doctor. "I'm so tired," she said, "I'm utterly exhausted. What must I do?" "Now, Now," said the doctor soothingly, "You go right home from the studio, take a hot bath, and go to bed."

He just couldn't imagine why Joan started laughing like a mad woman right in his face.



William Lundigan, appearing in Universal's "They Asked For It," is one of the best golf players among the film crowd in Hollywood.



THOUSANDS of sunbathers would not be without Mentholatum because it brings such cooling, soothing relief for sunburn. They are grateful, too, for its medicinal help in promoting more rapid healing of the injured skin. In jars or tubes—only 30c.

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily



Faces Men Admire

are always velvety smooth—exquisitely free from shine. The kind of face any girl can have in 2 minutes with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP.

Keeps your skin fresh looking, radiant, glamorous for hours without retouching. Use the one of 4 flattering daytime shades created especially for your complexion! Try *MAUVE,* (orchid) for new evening allure!

MINER'S Liquid MAKE-UP

50¢ large size at cosmetic counters; trial size at 10¢ stores

FREE Generous Sample

Send coupon and 3¢ stamp

MAUVE . . . ☐
PEACH ☐
RACHELLE . ☐
BRUNETTE . ☐
SUNTAN . . . ☐

MINER'S, 12 E. 12th St., Dept. SU9, New York, N.Y.
I enclose 3¢ stamp to cover mailing cost. Send me generous sample of Miner's Liquid Make-up FREE!
Name_____
Address

Ask for MINER'S Lip Tips
Costume Harmonizing Lipsticks!



We believe you, Junior, but the boy friend doesn't, the landlady doesn't, the boss doesn't —and the boss' son doesn't. And this little difference of opinion develops into one of the biggest comedy hits in years!... How Ginger wins her man by losing the argument rouses as much hilarity as a tankful of laughing gas. Try either one if you want some fun!

GINGER

ROGERS

DAVID

NIVEN

"Bachelor Mother"





CHARLES COBURN · FRANK ALBERTSON

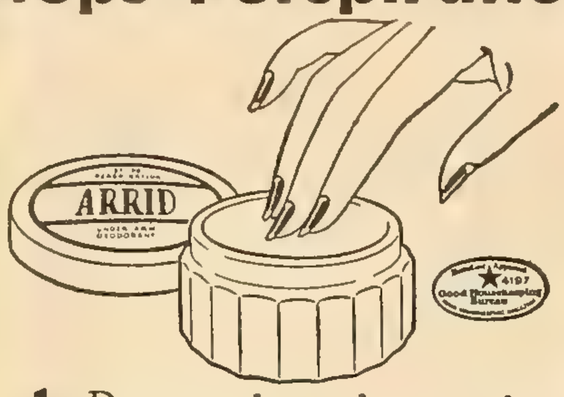
E. E. CLIVE · · · PANDRO S. BERMAN PRODUCTION

Directed by Garson Kanin, Produced by B. G. DeSylva

Screen Play by Norman Krasna · · · · Story by Felix Jackson

RKO RADIO PICTURE

New *Under-arm*
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless for fabrics.

15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold. Try a jar today!

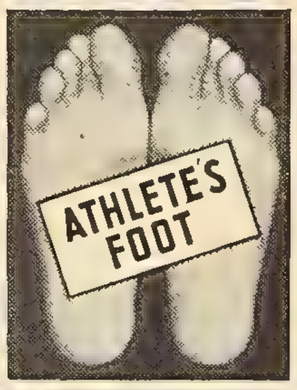
ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

FEET ITCH?
STOP IT QUICK!

Look between your toes. If they itch, or if the skin is red, raw, cracked or peeling, watch out—it may be Athlete's Foot! Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX at once. Relieves intense itching; kills fungi of this disease upon contact; helps heal and prevent spreading to other parts of the body. Liquid or Ointment. 50¢ at Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores. Don't accept a substitute.



Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

SONG POEMS

WANTED AT ONCE! Mother, Home, Love, Patriotic, Sacred, Comic or any subject. Don't delay—send us your original poem today for immediate consideration.
RICHARD BROS., 28 Woods Building, Chicago, Ill.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Return to Beauty

For the tan that begins to look sallow . . . For the left-over "sun lines" of Summer . . . Here are some good solutions!

By Mary Lee



IT'S glorious while it lasts, golden Summer. But when it begins to go, its beauty souvenirs like fading tan, little squint lines from too much sun gazing, sun-bleached and streaked hair and that hardy, breezy outdoor look begin to look frankly unkempt and a little shabby. They are hardly compliments to the whispers of small, romantic forward hats, completely feminine frocks that boast bustles and the color symphonies of deep blues, wines, greens and browns, not to mention our good standby, black.

Now there are two ways to get over this last rose of Summer stage in skin. One is to take corrective steps to aid your return to beauty, and the other is to dramatize your remains of Summer. Seeing Glenda Farrell the other day her natural, casual self, in a blue sports frock, gilded by the sun to a golden toast, minus any make-up aid except a vivid red lipstick, gave me the cue to the dramatizing act.

But more of that later.

Now for a few minutes of correction. So here are You, normal skin with the usual beauty hangovers of Summer. Now, if ever, you need cream and plenty of it. Use it for cleansing and use it double in this manner, no matter what type of cream you prefer. Cleanse first to remove dust and make-up. Apply fresh cream and allow it to remain on while you bathe or



Above, Rita Hayworth accents her dark beauty with a flashing red lipstick. Use a brilliant red with a fading tan. *Right:* Lovely Virginia Field, using a rabbit's foot, admonishes: "Be sure your rouge and lipstick are of the same shade."

do other little personal chores. Not only does this get your skin scrupulously clean, but your skin benefits from the softening, lubricating qualities of any cream for even a few additional minutes.

Questions roll in on this subject of cream. Here is a very common one: "My skin is oily and the pores conspicuous. Is there a cream to help me?" There is—a quick melting type. This type cleanses very thoroughly, and its liquefying tendency seems to make it mix readily with the oil deposited on your skin, so that you can thoroughly wipe away both cream and deposit. Another thing, this type is very readily removed because it becomes thin on the face, and so there is less danger of leaving soiled cream about the chin and nostril curves or the hairline. Among this cleansing cream type is Albolene Solid, by McKesson & Robbins, mild, pure, unscented, and originally used in hospitals on babies' skins. Though well suited to all skins, you of the above type will find it your cream.

Then there are the fine, delicate skins, almost paper-thin, and this is their general chorus: "I seem to need a very light cream yet one that is rich, for my skin is so dry." Recently there arrived at my desk a new-comer, Jordeau Whipped Cleansing Creme—light as a froth, smooth, yet with a soft, creamy feeling on the skin. It seems ideally suited for you delicate flower petals, and as you use it you get that reassuring sense that it is lubricating while it cleanses. Its light texture makes it easily removable, so that you do not seem to stretch or handle your skin too roughly. While good strenuous treatment is advisable for many hardy young skins, the paper-thin skin simply can't stand it. There is a lovely scent to this cream, too, and the jar is sweet and convenient.

To get the utmost out of even a cleansing, use the correct movement over face and neck, as well. These are light, swift, upward movements of smoothing or gently pressing. Though your purpose now may be only to cleanse, these movements will also give a slight stimulating, exercising effect. Many like a skin tonic or refreshant after using cream, and these have their place. If you use a type of cream that has a companion tonic, buy it and use it by all means. If not, after cream is thoroughly removed, cold water dashed on the face has a reviving effect. Dry gently.

If it is night, a lubricating, emollient type of cream will help immensely. It will soften and help erase "sun lines," and it will help the shedding or demasquation of dry, dead particles of skin that are usually evidence of too much exposure. It is surprising how much more natural and clearer your skin is without this dried skin. Among the good creams of this type is Betty Wales Skin Velveteer. It is truly entitled to that name, Velveteer. It is made from Florida fruit oils and juices and you can practically feel its softening results overnight. For it is amazingly rich for such a light semi-cream consistency as it has. A few drops cover a wide area, so it is economical for face, neck, hands and arms, or even back and legs, if they, too, have been dried and roughened. Use only as much as the skin will "take." It will do wonders to soften lines about eyes, on neck and forehead. It leaves no oily residue to mar your appearance or to soil linen. You must order this by mail, but your letter and stamp are well spent for Velveteer. I will gladly tell you more, if you write.

With the use of creams, especially for cleansing, you need tissues. And if you haven't already tried the Sitroux tissues, then I wish you would. You are going to like their luxurious softness plus their good, tough hold-together qualities. They won't shred and pull apart too readily. You will find them in the five and tens, and they are a good, every-day product to know about. Their strength also makes them good for handkerchief use, especially with colds.

Though the general ideas outlined are very simple, they are common-sense steps to forgetting your Summer complexion, for they offer some lubricating cleansing, a little facial stimulation and exercise, and more thorough lubrication, all of which hasten the fade of Summer color because they promote good cleanliness and reconditioning of skin. You may be using other products that you like of this nature. Then this routine for them is also correct, and is far wiser than attempting to resort to bleaches, most of which have a tendency [*Continued on page* 71]



Kay Francis brings up an important beauty point: "With tanned skin, eyes always appear smaller. To correct this, use more and darker eye make-up." She likes dark blue shadow and mascara. Miss Francis' smart looking hair-do is a good one for new Fall hats.



WOMEN all around you—some of them your best friends—are using Tampax regularly. Clubwomen, socialites, business women, housewives, actresses are enjoying the new freedom that goes with the use of Tampax. Over 150,000,000 have been sold in 63 countries. Don't let another month pass without discovering this modern, *civilized* sanitary protection for women!

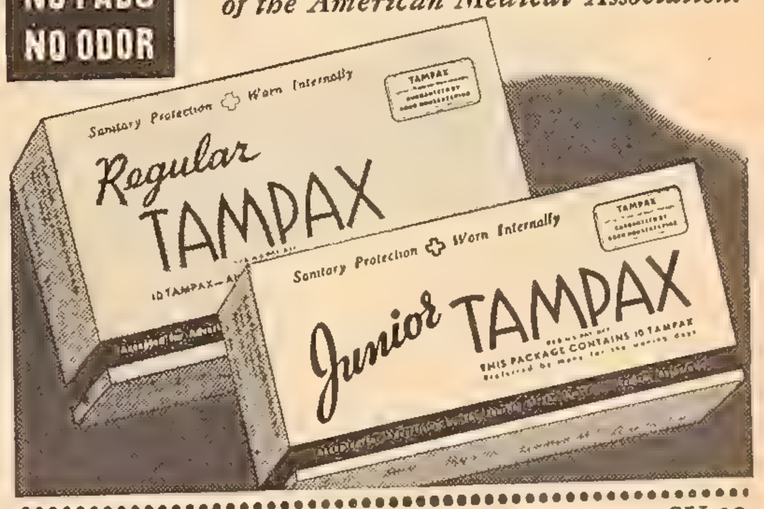
Wear sheer formals *any* day of the month; no belts or pads to "make a line," because Tampax is *worn internally*. Perfected by a doctor and made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax acts gently as an absorbent. It is very neat and efficient. The wearer is not conscious of its presence! Best of all, odor cannot form. And there is no disposal problem after use.

Two sizes: Regular Tampax and Junior Tampax. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Large economy package (four months' supply) will give you a money-saving up to 25%.

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

Tampax comes in patented individual container. Your hands never even touch the Tampax.

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



SU-99

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

() REGULAR TAMPAX () JUNIOR TAMPAX

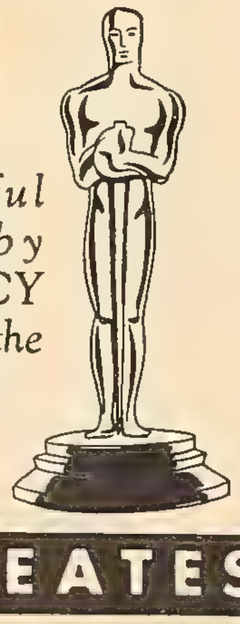
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____



Another masterful performance by SPENCER TRACY *... twice winner of the Academy Award!*



starring

SPENCER TRACY · NANCY KELLY · RICHARD GREENE

Walter Brennan · Charles Coburn · Sir Cedric Hardwicke · Henry Hull · Henry Travers

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan · Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson · Historical Research and Story Outline by Hal Long and Sam Hellman

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE KNOWN TO MAN!





Left: Sonja Henie must have just noticed that Lee Bowman dances with his tongue between his teeth, and it's given her a case of chuckles. She's now vacationing in Norway. *Right:* The two critical - looking gents are Lionel Stander, with the big hat, and John Carroll. They're watching the dancers at La Conga on Rhumba Night.



Silver Screen

TOPICS FOR GOSSIP

MR. GENE MARKEY need never fear that his little bride will shoot him. In a scene for "Lady of the Tropics" the script called for Hedy Lamarr to grab a pistol and shoot Joseph Schildkraut. Hedy didn't even know how to hold a gun, much less pull a trigger. A little off-stage coaching was necessary, and pretty soon Hedy could pull the trigger, but every time the gun exploded she closed her eyes. Finally she told the director, "I am so sorry but I will have to shoot Mr. Schildkraut with my eyes closed."

You've heard of blind flying. Well, that's what we call blind shooting.

Ann Sheridan and Cesar Romero can be found quite often these nights at the Earl Carroll night club—where, incidentally, you see the prettiest girls in Hollywood in the chorus. There's a special number that the girls sing and dance called, "The Lady Has Plenty of Oomph" which, of course, is sort of dedicated to the beautiful and alluring Miss Sheridan.

From the lowliest grips to the director, the crew of "Hotel for Women" were floored when one and all received thank you notes from Linda Darnell, one of Mr. Darryl Zanuck's new finds, who makes her debut in this picture. Linda listed all the things she thanked each one for from moving a chair for her to repasting her false fingernails which she had chewed off nervously between "takes."

Ann Sothern, also appearing in "Hotel for Women," asked Director Gregory Ratoff how the "rushes" were of her previous day's work. "Sansashunal," enthused Ratoff. "Never mind that," said Ann, "were they good, were they all right?" "Leesen," said Ratoff, "if I only said they were good I would mean they steenk."

Imagine Myrna Loy's embarrassment when Uncle Sam demanded to see her freckles! When she and her husband Arthur Hornblow suddenly discovered they could get a few weeks off to vacation in Europe Myrna applied for a passport and hastily had her passport photograph made on the set of "The Rains Came." She was in make-up naturally, and not a freckle showed. Uncle Sam asked for, and got, a new passport photograph sans make-up, and avec freckles.

Irene Dunne is very sad. She isn't going to have a baby after all. When she first started work on her new picture, "Modern Cinderella," the studio promised that she and Charles Boyer could have Baby Sandy for their child. Having seen Baby Sandy in "East Side of Heaven" Irene was terribly delighted. And then a couple of new writers got to work on the story and wrote Baby Sandy right out of the script. Of course it just might be that Baby Sandy didn't want to play a supporting role. After all, she's a star in her own right in her next picture, "Sandy Takes a Bow."

When the Prince and Princess of Norway recently visited Hollywood, like all tourists they wanted to see a studio. With much hoop-la they were taken over the Twentieth Century lot and eventually arrived on the "Hotel for Women" set. Where, it seems, the New World fought it out quietly with the Old World, and the New World won. Elsa Maxwell gave the Prince and Princess the royal curtsy —count on good old Elsa, she knows how to bow and scrape for Royalty. But Linda Darnell, Darryl Zanuck's new "find," who is playing her first leading role in the picture, stole the show. Linda, pretty as

Norma Shearer is especially proud of being able to stand on her head. She recently amazed the cast of "The Women" by doing the trick on a diving board.











1. Martha Raye gives a bit of impromptu entertainment at Cafe Lamaze. 2. Jack Haley with his son, Jackie, Jr., do a bit of romping around at home. 3. Loretta Young and Jimmy Stewart at Victor Hugo's. They go out together frequently, sometimes four or five nights in a row. 4. When production on "They Shall Have Music" was completed, the members of the California Junior Symphony, who appear with Jascha Heifetz in the picture, presented Director Archie Mayo with the largest hot dog ever made. 5. Edgar Bergen has Mary Healy "watch the birdie" for him.

a picture, seventeen years old, and fresh from Dallas, gave them a Texas handshake and a swell drawl.

The Stanwyck-Taylors are our favorite folksy people. We'll give you all the Glamour Girls and Boys if you'll just let us have Barbara and Bob. One of the writers told me about a conversation she had with them shortly after their marriage. She had an assignment to do a story on Barbara who hadn't been working on "The Golden Boy" set for several days, so she decided to take her nerve in her hands and call her up out at the ranch. She didn know Barbara or Bob and fully expecte to be cut dead by a butler. But no, was old Massa Taylor himself who a swered the phone.

"May I speak with Mrs. Taylor, please the girl asked politely.

The "Mrs. Taylor" sort of threw Bo for a brief loss. But he came to, an shrieked "Barbara." In a few seconds h returned to the phone with, "Barbara taking a bath. If you'll leave your num ber she'll call you when she's finished."

Sure enough, within the time limits a normal bath, Mrs. Taylor returned th call. None of that movie chichi with thos two. Swell folks.

Bette Davis, who was recently voted th screen's most dramatic actress, certainl doesn't let a little thing like being a "best make her lose her sense of humor. Sh looks quite regal these days in her Quee Elizabeth costumes, in fact she is awfull impressive looking with her shaved for head and eyebrows. But don't let h frighten you, Bette's as much fun as eve During a "take" the other day Erro Flynn, as Essex, forgot his lines an couldn't think of how to address He Majesty.

"Oh, just call me Liz," said Quee Elizabeth from her stately throne.







6. Mickey Rooney with girl friend Phyllis Ruth doing the rhumba at La Conga. Mickey's wearing his glasses, incidentally. 7. Wynn Rocamora with Dorothy Lamour at the Troc. He's her manager. Dorothy says she's still very much in love with Herbie Kay. 8. Alexander D'Arcy giving Arleen Whelan a confidential earful. They're a popular twosome in Hollywood. 9. Hollywood turned out en masse for the opening of the Warner Brothers Bowling Alleys. Judy Garland was there with Jackie Cooper, both having a hilarious time.

It's a deep, dark secret and don't tell ybody that we told you, but Mrs. Rob- t Taylor was looking forward to Mr. bert Taylor's departure on that loca- n trek with Spencer Tracy and Walter ennan into the frozen north, where it's awing now, for outdoor scenes for Northwest Passage." Well, maybe she asn't exactly hysterical with joy over it, t she *was* making plans. We heard her lking with the studio dressmaker just fore Bob's plans were changed.

"Could you make me a turban," asked rbara, "to wear with this dress? Some- ing awfully exotic, breathless, devastat- g, you know—! I'll look like hell in it, course."

"What's the use of getting a fantastic t," said Barnsey, her hair-dresser and st friend, "Bob will never let you wear You know what he did to that lettuce f you brought home from Magnin's the her day."

"But Bob is going on a trip," said Bar- ra, "and I expect to wear nothing but azy hats while he's away. I've been sav- g that one that looks exactly like a icken in retreat. Yes, I think I'll try turban, too. With aigrettes."

Well, all we've got to say is that it's shame Bob changed his plans about Northwest Passage" and didn't go. It would have been fun for Barbara.

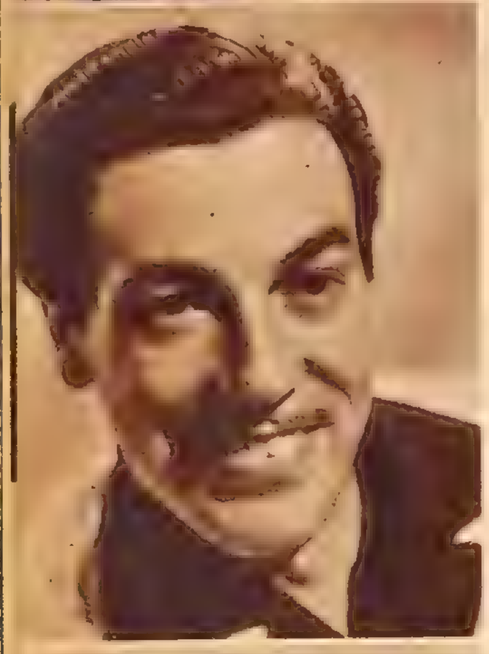
The feminine London chiropodist who accused Binnie Barnes of imperfect feet must have been thinking of someone else according to famed Bulgarian-American sculptor Atanas Katchamakoff, who recently completed a wood portrait of Binnie, and plans to sculpt her feet. He says her feet are "perfect in form, having length for earthiness, slimness for aristocracy, flexibility for grace, and an unmarred skin for surface [*Continued on page* 58]

Foreign Love Technique

Is it any different from the American way of making love? Seven of the screen's greatest lovers from other lands frankly give their views on this romantic and always very fascinating subject

By Maud Cheatham









Upper left: (reading down) Leslie Howard gives the Englishman's viewpoint; Cesar Romero reveals how the Latins feel about it; Errol Flynn speaks of the emotional reactions of the Irish; Leslie Howard in a tight clinch with Joan Blondell; Charles Boyer; Herbert Marshall; and *above* Charles Boyer with Claudette Colbert.

LOVE being the favorite motif of many motion pictures, and with the wooing heroes frequently portrayed by European and English actors, the question arises: how do they differ in romantic viewpoint from American lovers?

Does geography influence emotions? Does the "foreign" flavor add a zest, a bit of paprika to our screen dramas? Does the leisurely environment of older civilizations give men a different slant on Cupid's realm than our native Lotharios glean in the swiftly paced, practical America?

Perhaps, a tour among our imported lovers might answer these questions. So talking to the charming British star, Herbert Marshall, over a cup of tea in the sunny living room of his Bel Air home, we swung into a discussion of romantic emotions.

"The word *love,*" said Marshall, "is far too elastic. It covers everything from casual infatuations and flirtations, to the fine, enduring romances that are the foundation of every country." Then, with a chuckle that had the warmth of understanding, he continued. "We're considered a conservative race, but I claim an Englishman can hold his own in any emotional combat. I have fifty good Britishers in mind who could match themselves in any emotional race, be it in the lighter fields, or a lasting passion.

"Love is the most thrilling material for the artist; it's the inspiration of poetry and song, of stage plays and screen dramas. Being something of a sentimentalist, I enjoy playing love scenes, but not just a series of warm embraces and endearing phrases. On the contrary, a scene of terrific emotional power can be played by lovers at the far corners of the room, and with little dialogue. It is repressed emotion, the suggestion of fire held in check, that is most stirring.

"All over the world we see the old order passing and this includes the reaction toward romance. Love may be the same wherever you find it, but the approach differs. The technique—shall we call it this?—is influenced by conditions more than nationality. Today, young people everywhere are realists and are impatient with demonstration. They do not respond to sentimentality; instead, they want their romances served up smartly and with restraint, minus 'mush' and old-time weepy sacrifices.

"Women adore excitement," he continued gaily, "and as American men are adept at supplying excitement, I would say it is not the European, not the English, but the American who is the perfect lover!"

The (*Continued on page* 60]





Above: Herbert Marshall, with Sylvia Sidney, says "an Englishman can hold his own in any emotional combat." *Below:* (left to right) Spanish Gilbert Roland has the romantic mystery of his race; Francis Lederer, born in Czecho-Slovakia, has amazing opinions; Cesar Romero and Marlene Dietrich had bleeding lips after a love scene.





Pictorial Profile of

"Million Dollar Legs" Betty And Her Hubby



When Betty and Jackie go for a drive in their roadster, they take along Genghis Khan, their huge Great Dane, who enjoys a drive more than they do. Jackie isn't half bad on the guitar and alone or at parties both enjoy doing a few special duets. Betty's voice is much the better, thanks to her singing lessons.

Despite embarrassing family difficulties, the Jackie Coogans remain an extremely happy pair as you may well gather from these sprightly snaps of their marital manners especially taken for Silver Screen



Both are athletic. Betty has the perfect feminine form, but don't forget that Jackie is nicely put together himself. Betty has been dancing ever since she was a child in her home town of St. Louis. Her first big break was singing "Let's Knock Knees" with Edward Everett Horton in "The Gay Divorcee."





Above: Betty does all the shopping when she forgets razor blades for Ja he lets out a Tarzan-like yell. They're surprisingly domesticated Betty has some ironing to do, Ja pitches in and does the dishes—p purely for love. He hates pot-rass

Photos by Gene Lester



Left: Betty doesn't mind candid shots, because she usually looks well from any angle. But when you ask her to look sweet she's apt to stick her tongue out. *(Right):* They've been married since December, 1937. It's been rather a hectic marriage, even to the point of separation, so they are firmly convinced that true love never runs smooth.

Above: Betty doesn't mind being a member of the mop brigade. She's as neat as a pin and every Monday morning (left) the house gets a thorough going over. "Week-ends certainly mess up a place," she says. Jackie's greatest worry is growing bald at too early an age.

etty always washes out her own stock-
gs and undies. She isn't fond of cook-
g, but is no stranger with a frying
n. Both have healthy appetites. Betty
rable is her right name, although it
as once thought she was trying to get
e closest thing she could to Gable.

She'll Take Deanna's Place



No one in Hollywood seems more friendly and helpful to little Gloria Jean than Deanna Durbin

DEANNA DURBIN—BIOGRAPHY

Real Name: Edna Mae Durbin
Birthplace: Winnipeg, Canada
Birthdate: December 4, 1922
Nationality: American of English Descent
Height: 5 feet 2 inches
Weight: 100 pounds
Coloring: Blue Eyes, Brown Hair

GLORIA JEAN—BIOGRAPHY

Real Name: Gloria Jean Schoonover
Birthplace: Buffalo, New York
Birthdate: April 14, 1928
Nationality: American of Welsh-Dutch Descent
Height: 4 feet 10 inches
Weight: 79 pounds
Coloring: Blue Eyes, Sandy Hair

THERE! I have copied down, word for word, the Vital Statistics as given in Universal Studios' biographies of Deanna Durbin and Gloria Jean (the statistics on Deanna were compiled in 1936 when she first signed with Universal) and by so doing I've not only saved myself a lot of time and wordage but I am also giving you the take-off on one of the best human-interest stories Hollywood has ever had the pleasure and profit of watching.

One little girl, Deanna, Grows Up . . . another little girl, Gloria Jean, steps into her very Goody-Two-Shoes. So what of that, you say? Isn't that just what happens in families, in life, one child passes through adolescence into maturity, the next child is "coming along." But, after all, family developments are not played on a world-stage, and so Hollywood is all a'gog over the Deanna Durbin-Gloria Jean "situation."

Hollywood—and the fans—are asking such questions as: What is Gloria Jean really like? What is Gloria Jean's background? Does she come from professional people or from a good, plain folksy background like our Deanna? Does Producer Pasternak-of-the-gold-mint-Durbin-pictures believe that he has picked another Winsome Winner of just about all the laurels that grow? Is Gloria Jean really Deanna's "successor?" And especially Hollywood, and Hollywood fans, are asking: *what does Deanna have to say about the child called her "successor?"* Is Deanna's nose "out of joint" now that she isn't the only lyric lark on the Universal lot? Is there any jealousy?

Well, let's be as neat and orderly as possible about this thing. Let's take the questions in some sort of sequence and answer them as best we can. And it should be a pretty fair "best" because, with howls of ravening joy, your Girl Reporter on the scent of something fresh and fertile in stories, went to Universal Studios last week and talked with Gloria Jean, with Gloria Jean's pretty, wholesome, sensible mother, with Deanna, with Mr. Paster-

Above: **A light coating of lipstick is the only make-up Gloria Jean needs.** ***Right:*** **Robert Cummings gave her many a tip between scenes.**

What is Deanna Durbin's successor, Gloria Jean, really like? What does Deanna have to say about her? Is there any jealousy?

By
Gladys Hall



Producer Joseph Pasternak with his stars, Gloria Jean and Deanna Durbin.

Eleven-year-old Gloria Jean is a natural, unspoiled little girl for whom Joseph Pasternak predicts a very brilliant future. Below: Beulah Bondi discusses a scene with Deanna's successor.



nak—the Name Parts, you might say, in a real life story more significant than any story the girls could play on the screen. In other words, I did my best to be one of the little monkeys who Sees All, Hears All and Knows All.

Well, then, we'll begin with a quick sketch-in of Gloria Jean's background, the background of a plain, folksy home, in Scranton, Pa., where the necessities were earned, the luxuries considered unnecessary. A home where the women of the house did the housework, cooking, cleaning, mending; and the children had their little tasks to do, too. Even now, Mrs. Schoonover told me, the girls must make their own beds, hang up their own clothes,

[*Continued on page* 62]



LINDA DARNELL

Linda was given a screen test by Twentieth Century-Fox in February, 1938. She was told she looked too young, so back to her home town of Dallas, Texas, she went, quite disappointed, but promising to keep in touch with the studio. Last April, she sent in a new photograph of herself and the change which took place within the year caused the studio to summon her for another test. She not only got the test, but a contract and the lead in "Hotel For Women," as well. And she's only seventeen!



MELVYN DOUGLAS

Melvyn has become one of the screen's most popular actors. In his co-starring vehicle with Joan Blondell, "Good Girls Go To Paris," he is again marvelous in a light comedy role. Although born in Macon, Georgia, he has no trace whatever of a southern accent. He's happily married to Helen Gahagan, dislikes to be interviewed and hopes some day to return to the Broadway stage, where his first appearance was the role of Ace Wilfong, the gangster, in "A Free Soul," later played by Clark Gable in films.

HELEN GILBERT

The screen offers no one more lovely than Helen Gilbert, currently appearing in "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever," M-G-M's latest Mickey Rooney feature. Helen was a cellist in the studio's symphony orchestra until executives realized how beautiful she is. Furthermore, Helen proved in a screen test that she has poise, speaks clearly, takes direction easily and has definite possibilities as an actress.

MARGARET LOCKWOOD

Another new personality in pictures is Margaret Lockwood, charming brunette English actress, who plays the feminine lead opposite Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in Paramount's "Ruler of the Seas." Margaret was born in Karachi, India, while her father was stationed there in government service. She was educated in England, however. She is married to Ruppert Leon, a prominent English business man.

ANDREA LEEDS
and
GARY COOPER

Gary Cooper's leading lady in "The Real Glory" is the enticing Andrea Leeds. Interestingly enough, Andrea, like Gary, is a native of Montana. She was born in Butte, whereas Gary hails from Helena. She attended the Chicago Conservatory of Music and later the University of California. Gary's alma mater is Grinnell College in Iowa. Andrea had the distinction of doubling in "They Shall Have Music," with Joel McCrea as her love interest, while appearing with Gary in "The Real Glory."

CAROLE LOMBARD
and
CARY GRANT

With Carole Lombard and Cary Grant playing opposite each other in "The Kind Men Marry," you are well assured of far-above-average entertainment. It's Carole's first picture since her marriage to Clark Gable. When production was finished, Cary hurried off to Europe to be with his sweetheart, Phyllis Brooks. It won't be long before Cary again is altar-bound. Although thought by many as always having been a bachelor, Cary was once married to Virginia Cherrill, now the wife of a titled Englishman.





We
Point With
Pride
TO

HENRY FONDA

IN A season of particularly brilliant performances, Henry Fonda, always dependable, is not to be outshone and contributes his most convincing effort in the title role of "Young Mr. Lincoln." Many questioned the wisdom of casting him in such a role, but once the obstacle of resemblance was overcome by the make-up wizards of Twentieth Century-Fox, Henry readily showed he could with all naturalness assume the personality, speech and mannerisms of "Young Mr. Lincoln." Ever since leaving the stage in 1935 for the screen, his performances have been uniformly praiseworthy, but not until his current role did Henry Fonda receive a spirited nationwide acclaim, long overdue.













HOLLYWOOD'S GALA PREMIERE

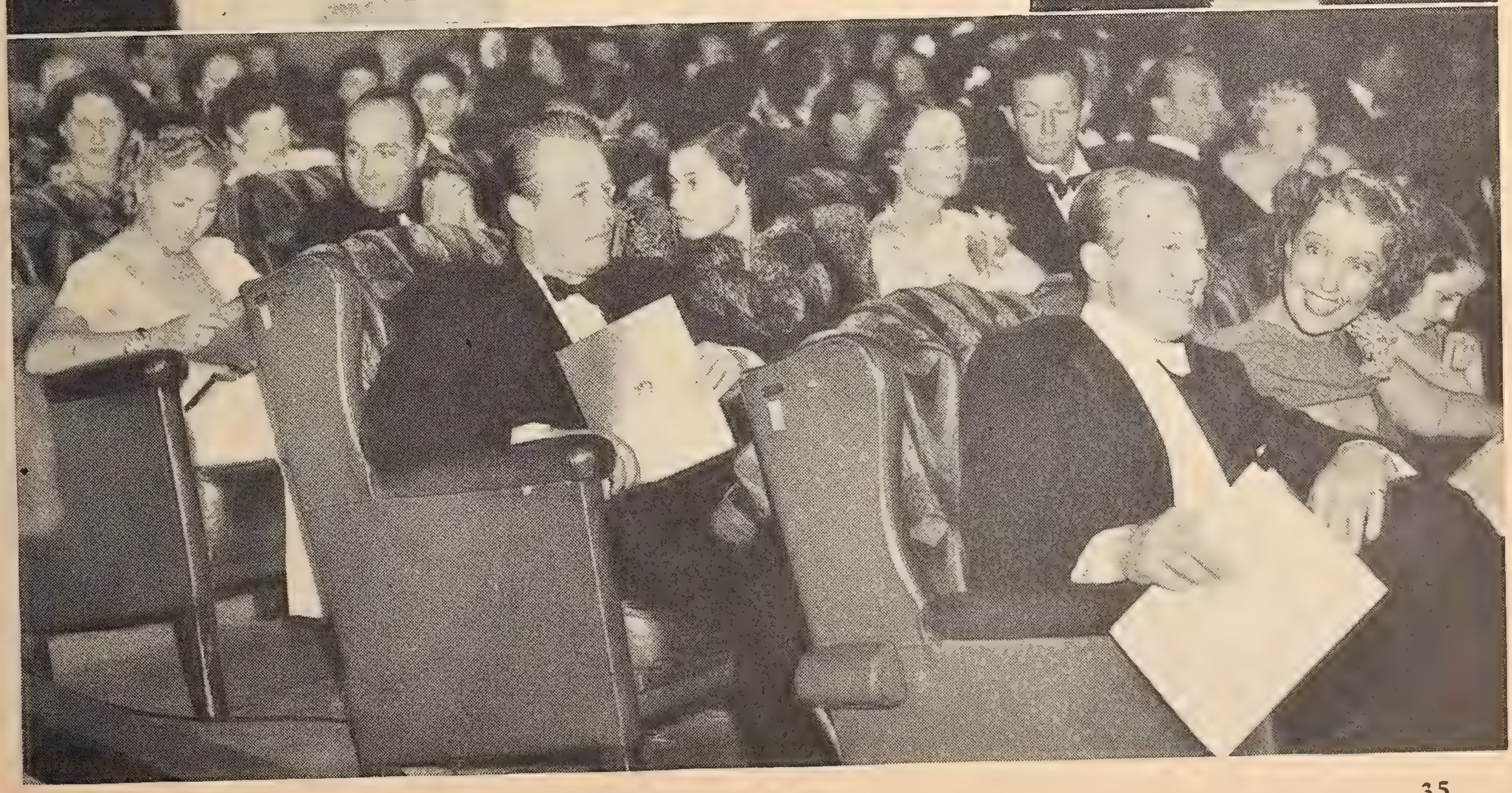
of

"Young Mr. Lincoln"

THE Hollywood premiere of "Young Mr. Lincoln" took place at the sumptuous Fox-Wilshire Theatre. Following the picture, Producer Darryl Zanuck feted the stars who attended with a gala party. In clockwise fashion you see—Jack Benny with his wife, Mary Livingstone. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy. . . . Constance Bennett was escorted to the showing by Gilbert Roland. . . . Arleen Whelan, featured in "Young Mr. Lincoln," arrived with Alexander D'Arcy. . . . Claudette Colbert with her brother, Charles Wendling. . . . Most unusual photo taken inside Fox-Wilshire Theatre shows, left to right, on aisle seats, Pat Paterson, hubby Charles Boyer, Wayne Morris, his wife Bubbles Schinasi, Gene Raymond and his wife, Jeanette MacDonald. . . . Tyrone Power and his charming wife, Annabella. . . . Myrna Loy's husband couldn't attend, so she was escorted by Louis Bromfield, author of her latest offering, "The Rains Came."







PICTORIAL PROFILE OF

The Powells



1

READING the Sunday funnies (1) is a regular habit for Joan and Dick, who've been married since September 19th, 1936. 2. Joan likes to help Dick keep their Beverly Hills lawn and garden in shape. Joan loves lounging pajamas or slacks and hates to wear hats. 3. Both like to take drinks from the hose while they're watering the lawn. And usually get drenched to the skin!



2



3

4. Music is Dick's hobby. He can play any instrument, but none expertly. 5. They do most of their entertaining at home. They're crazy about games and still go for backgammon.

4



5



Joan Blondell and her hubby, Dick Powell, believe in fun at home and regulate their lives accordingly, as you can see

DICK has a workshop (6) in the garage and spends a great deal of his time there with their son, Norman, who's five. They have a daughter, Ellen, who's going on two. 7. Both have a wacky sense of humor and are apt to start kidding around at any moment. 8. When they do step out for an evening in town they usually bring along Joan's kid sister, Gloria, who's also been in pictures and on the stage. But they stick pretty much to home. Joan loves to sleep and always does so on her stomach. It helps her figure.



6



7

8



Dick's a great guy for candid camera shots and is always trying to snap something unusual. 9. Dick suggested this shot to our Gene Lester as being unusual and having action. 10. Both personally enjoy answering their fan mail.

Photos by Gene Lester



9

10









Extreme left: Bing Crosby was one of the first to race his own horses. *Left:* Dolores Del Rio and Marlene Dietrich love the sport. *Above:* Ned Sparks looks 'em over.

The Hollywood Race Track Crowd

By Ed Sullivan

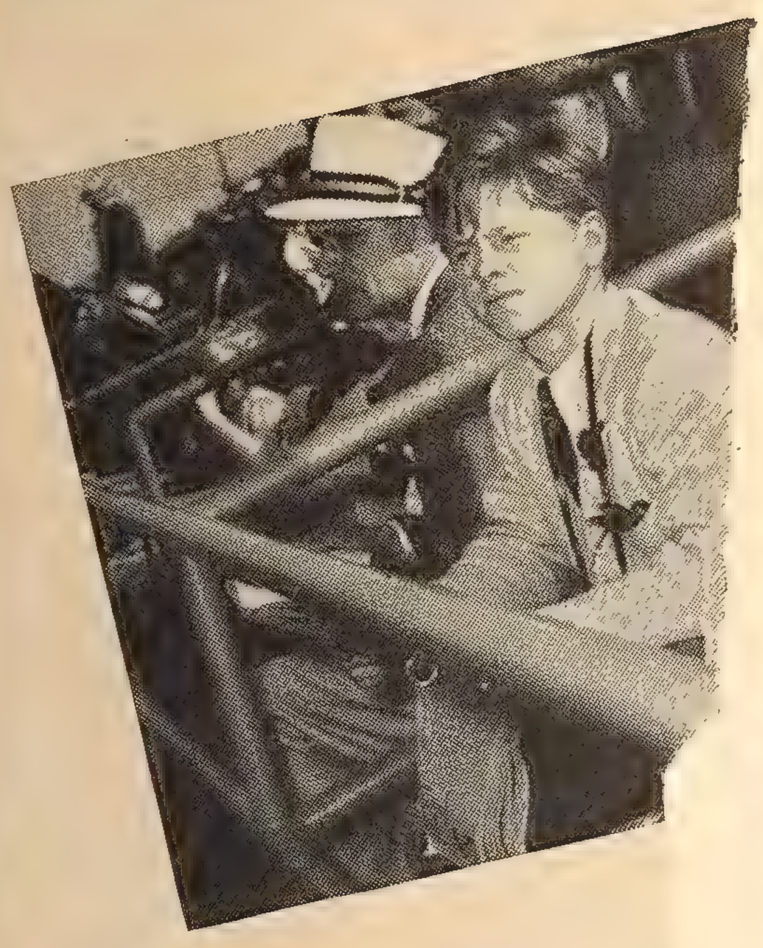


ONCE upon a time, and that not so far distant, if Louis B. Mayer or H. M. Warner or Bing Crosby or Mervyn Le Roy or Zeppo Marx invited you to their homes for the week-end, the *piece de resistance* of the visit would be a showing of a picture which their studios or actors had prepared. It is all changed. Now if you visit their places, they take you to the barns and show you the long-legged, awkward foals which have been sired by horses whose names were internationally famous on American tracks a few years ago. Hollywood has gone nuts over horse-racing, and by the same token horse-racing has gone nuts over Hollywood, which pours millions of dollars not only into breeding, but other millions into the pari-mutuels at Santa Anita, Inglewood Park and Delmar race tracks.

Horse-racing has taken over the movie colony, lock, stock and barrel. Your hostess at dinner, instead of discussing the Academy Award, is more apt to tell you that "Specify" worked three-eighths that very morning in 35 2/5 seconds, that her trainer believes "Ligaroti" can run away and hide from "Kayak" and that Jockey Charlie Corbett is two lengths better than Jockey Charlton. Beverly Hills bookstores, like Martindale's, will tell you that movie stars and executives prefer the Racing Form to any current fiction. Hairdressers report that every girl in town insists on having her locks

Lovely Anita Louise follows the horses but bets wisely.





Above: Mickey Rooney watching the races with Eleanor Stewart. *Right:* The Bob Taylors at the swank Hollywood Park track.

curled in the morning, because they to the race track in the afternoon. G our girls, instead of making personal pearances at Rotary lunches, fight for privilege of presenting silver loving to jockeys who have just breezed h in front in a stake race at a mile a sixteenth.

In the town of cameras and pho raphers, the photo finish has taken t play away from angle shots of t heroine on a staircase. Performers w get thousands of dollars a week prouder of their skill in picking a win The trade papers carry daily refere to the luck, good and bad, of the m players and executives. While one se of the industry is speculating on the sible cinema profits in South Americ other half of the town thinks on South America as that part of the where Bing Crosby buys Argentine that kick dust into the faces of breds.

Having established this groundw almost fanatical interest, let us p to the next [*Continued on pag*

The cast of "The Women" reveals the pardonable tricks to which their own fair sex cleverly resorts when it comes to getting their man and holding him

By

Faith Service

NOW this is a scurvy trick I am playing. The fact that it's nothing as scurvy as the tricks us poor, weak wimmin, us Weaker Vessels, us Dolls play on unsuspecting, swallow-the-bait-whole little men, doesn't really excuse me. I am betraying my sex. I am about to be a traitor to my fellow women. I shall doubtless be court-martialed, and richly shall I deserve it. But, after all, Benedict Arnold is still mentioned in history books and I would rather be mentioned in history books than not mentioned at all. If I can be preserved for posterity only as one who played the traitor to her own sex, I hold with Oscar Wilde that it's better to be talked about, no matter how, than not to be talked about at all.

So there I sat, a guest, an invited guest, mind you, which makes it Yellower, on the set of "The Women." And there, being as courteous to me as anything, were Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Rosalind Russell, Paulette Goddard, Joan ntaine, Mary Boland, Phyllis Povah, orence Nash, Hedda Hopper, Betty ythe, a Bevy if I ever beheld one. And behaving as nicely as you please, not cat's meow out of one of them . . . t a *"dar*-ling, you look di-*vine"* camouging the conversation.





Paulette Goddard, Joan Fontaine and Norma Shearer in "The Women." *Below:* Joan Crawford says, "I think that women should notice men's clothes."

Of course, Roz and Paulette did pull one another's hair out and I *did* think they *might* have cheated the camera a teentsy bit more than they did, and so gentled the primeval pulling . . . but, after all, they're Artistes first and women later on . . . and there was Director George Cukor, patient and pleasant as you please, saying persuasively, "Tempo, ladies, *tempo*."

As I beamed upon the Bevy it suddenly hit me between the eyes . . . *what secrets these gals must know!* What bag o' tricks they must have up their sleeves! What a lot we could "learn about wimmin from them!" And then and there the horrid little idea was born in my telltale heart. And, as maliciously as Joan smiled at Norma (Scene 6, take 2, of *course!*) so I smiled as I hastily compiled my archtraitorous questionnaire designed to expose women's tricks, ways and wiles and bleached bones upon a barbed wire fence, for every mother's son to see and sneer.

Tricks To Make A First Impression On A Man, I wrote, *Ways Of Flattering A Man Without Seeming Too Obvious, What Tricks Women Use To Make A Man Jealous, The Ways and Wiles Women Employ When They Want To Get Their Own Way Without Seeming To, Tricks of Making the Grand Entrance* . . . these and other shameless questions I jotted down in my nasty little note-book . . . and then, like a spider, I lay in wait for my prey.

I would slither, I planned, a snake in the portables, into each player's dressing room. I would casually spring my questions. I would make notes of the answers. I would then compile, compare, annote, play one against the other, comment, and when it was done I would have skinned my sister women alive. From this time forth, I thought, cackling in my beard, men will know the next moves in the girl-game or it won't be my fault.

I began with Rosalind. Innocently, Roz was the first one off the set, the first to greet me, as friend to friend, the first to invite me into her portable dressing room, which stood, lined up with all the other star portables, a little street-scene as fraught with possibilities as ever was mined with dynamite. I sprang my first question on Roz.

And Roz took the bait, in fact her beautiful lips, her gleaming teeth closed down on it without a prod from me. "The Way To Make A First Impression On A Man," she said, with touching thoughtfulness, "well, the most unfailing way to stimulate his interest is go off on a long drive with him, if possible. On the way, relaxed beside him, looking your poor best, need I say, begin to rattle on at a rate about his many virtues. Tell him how charming he is, how strong; what delightful manners he has, what a *relief* to find a Gentleman among the Barbarians, how well he dresses, [*Continued on page* 65]



So You're Having Your Picture Taken?



Then by all means read this article in which Hollywood's ace photographers give invaluable hints for best results

By William Lynch Vallée

IF YOU could sit down—at one time—with *all* of Hollywood's best photographers and discuss your next portrait with them, would you be interested?

If you would be, then keep reading, because that's exactly what you're going to do. For here are the studied opinions of the masters of the photographic art—the men who photograph Loy and Crawford and Gable every week. And now, you!

Here they all are grouped around a good-sized table. Draw up a chair and shake hands with as nice a bunch of men as you could hope to meet: Eugene Robert Richee of Paramount; Robert W. Coburn with Samuel Goldwyn; Warner (Bill) Crosby of Monogram; Lazlo Willinger of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer; Ray Jones of Universal; Muky, Elmer Freyer and Schuyler Crail, all of Warner Brothers; Ernest Bachrach, with Mel Berns, head make-up man, both from RKO; Clarence Sinclair Bull of Metro and A. (Whitey) Schafer of Columbia.

You've seen their names in italics below the portraits of every single one of your favorite movie stars. Stay with us and they will—in effect—put their names under *your* picture.

Let's begin by asking about the proper hair-do for a girl who is to sit for her home-town photographer. Eugene Robert Richee answers first:

"Don't," he cautions, "have your hair fixed some special way with lots of new curls. Have it cleaned and dressed as you always wear it. Whoever wants your picture doesn't want you to resemble someone else or a beauty shop ad. The best pictures are made with loose hair to catch light and give life and abandon to the subject. Don't be afraid to keep a comb and small mirror with you and comb your bobbed hair between shots to keep it from becoming too set."

Lazlo Willinger has a suggestion about *la* or *le coiffure* that is worth noting. Says he: "Don't go to the photographer fresh from the hairdresser. Wait two days. The hairdress won't be so set then. Incidentally, this applies to MEN too. Don't you fellers have your pictures taken immediately after a haircut."

Ernest Bachrach feels that if you girls would stop to ask yourselves how many of your friends have ever seen you with your collective ears still pink from the dryer, you'd give your wave time to loosen up.

A girl's hair looks best with light in it, thinks Clarence Bull, and it should be so dressed as to permit such lighting. Then the subject's hair will truly become her crowning glory.

Your own photographer should be consulted in advance about any hair-do, insists Ray Jones. He points out that the stars' *coiffures* shouldn't be copied because what might look nifty on Claudette Colbert might not rest happily on your head at all—and vice versa.

"For the youthful type," he points out, "such as Deanna Durbin or Danielle Darrieux, the hairdress should be loose and fluffy . . . the more mature type, such as Irene Dunne, should wear a more severe hairdress."

Whitey Schafer has several tips up his sleeve. First he talks to you who have thin faces. "Have it done," he suggests, "close to the head—but not covering the sides of the brow or the cheeks. Remember that a full hairdress with loose curling ends will only emphasize the narrowness of a face. Part your hair at one side. This will give a widening sweep to the line over your forehead and lessen the effect of vertical lines."

So much for thin faces, but if yours happen to be broadish, then all of Mr.

Robert W. Coburn, who photographs the stars for Samuel Goldwyn, is typical of the experts in insisting that very little make-up be used. A bit of lipstick and some mascara, but that's all.

Schafer's previous "don'ts" become "musts." "A soft, full hair-do is the thing," he says, *now*, "so there will be no emphasis by contrast of the rounder qualities of your face. And if it can be arranged to shadow the sides of your face to some extent, so much the better. Have the hair brought forward and dressed over the temples for a narrowing effect. It should be parted in the center so that the fullness of the forehead will be divided by a vertical line."

That for your hair. To continue our *tête-à-tête* with Hollywood's best—even the stars can't get advice from all of them the way you are right now—let's hear about make-up, on which most of the experts seem to agree. Don't use any, they say, or very little.

Typical of the experts on this angle is Robert Coburn. He refuses to photograph any of his subjects while they are in make-up. Not even powder—none at all, mind you! A small amount of lip-





Above: **A flashlight picture, such as Chester Morris and Frances Robinson are about to take, is almost never complimentary.** *Left:* **M-G-M's Lazlo Willinger says, "Don't go to the photographer fresh from the hairdresser! Wait until your hair isn't quite so set."**

stick, wisely applied—yes—and an equally small amount of mascara, but that's all.

There's not one hundred percent agreement here, however. Mel Berns, the RKO make-up chief, says that powder *should* be used—powder several shades darker than your skin—which in most cases will be darker than the powder you generally use. Berns does agree with the others on rouge and eye shadow. He says don't use them.

Whitey Schafer permits only one bit of make-up—eyeshadow—and that only in the case of a full face. Here's what he says:

"Shade down the too-definitely-marked jawline with eyeshadow. Use a light brown tint, start it at the base of the ear and let it diminish to a point under the corner of the mouth where it should fade into the normal chin line. In other words—use shadow to shape yourself a more flattering jawline. To complete this trick of the disappearing jawline, dust very lightly with powder—*but just the area on which there is make-up*—and blend it carefully and delicately." Aside from this Schafer insists on no powder and he is given to shouting about it, if necessary, no matter who the film celebrity.

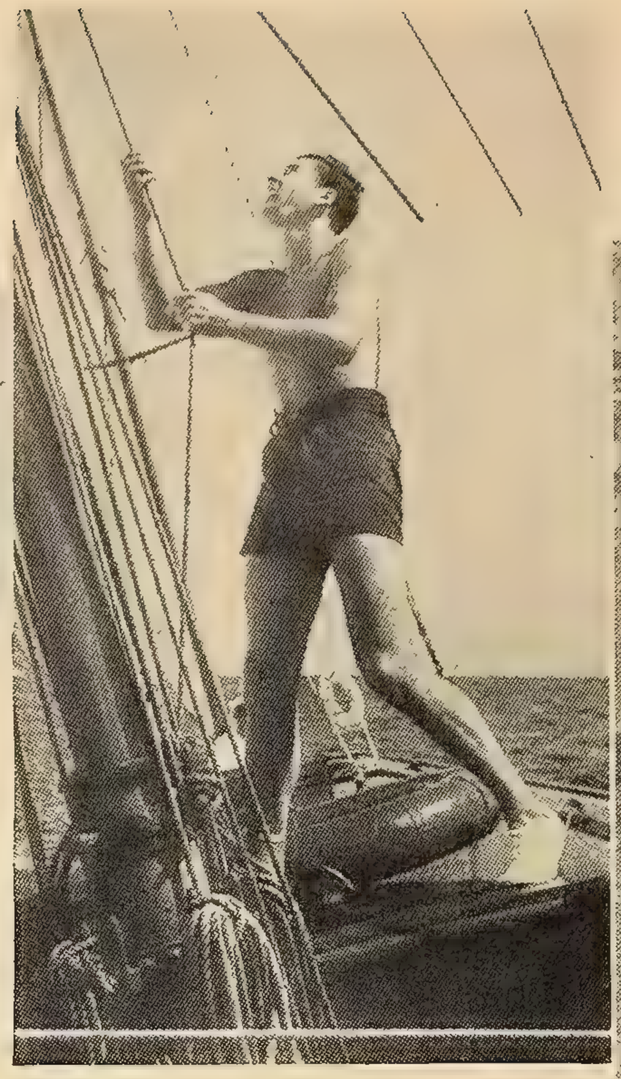
About clothes and hats:

Eugene Robert Richee says: "For the average young girl, light dresses are much better. Elderly women should stick to dark clothes. Hats are usually bad because they go out of style and in six months will date the pictures."

You should wear the clothes you feel best in, thinks Lazlo Willinger. Muky, over at Warner's, uses clothes to get his film subjects' minds off themselves. He has even made such players as Bette Davis and Jane Wyman take off their coats and put them back on again. They became so interested in the simple physical activity involved that they forgot to pose!

As for evening clothes—some of the photographing gentlemen like them, some don't. Better use your own judgment here. [*Continued on page 72*]





Extreme left: Errol Flynn with his charming wife, Lili Damita, on their yacht. He first met Lili on the boat coming over from England. *Left:* Errol loves the sea. He spent five-and-a-half years in the South Seas. *Below:* He's one of filmdom's best tennis players.



"I'll tell you how I got into pictures and why," says Errol. "The exact little details, the whole story of how I got started here in Hollywood, unretouched. No one's ever asked me about my bluffs to get work. Then you can judge for yourself!"

By

Ben Maddox

HOW much of a movie star's break is just plain good luck?

Many a person, envying Hollywood success, has wondered.

I put this directly up to Errol Flynn.

He amazed me with his frankness. A surprisingly honest, fun-chasing devil when caught away from Warner Brothers glory, he burst a lot of pretty publicity bubbles.

Very good-looking and athletic and tanned, he said unhesitatingly, "All right, I'll tell you how it was with me. I'll tell you how I got into pictures, and why. The exact little details, the whole story of how I got started here in Hollywood, unretouched. No one's ever asked me about my bluffs to get work before. Then you can judge for yourself!"

Come to think of it, Errol's actual days as an unsung, would-be popular actor never have been touched upon. That whole chapter has been strangely unmentioned, skipped. You have read reams about his run-away adventures, of how often he risked his life when he was foolhardy about dangers. You have read tale after tale of his hectic marriage with Lili Damita.

But as Errol sat there opposite me in the den of his home, which isn't newly-rich gaudy, he was no longer the stock Flynn, the fantastic and lusty guy who reputedly gobbles dares with gusto before breakfast every morning. Instead, smiling almost shyly, definitely a friendly soul, he was suddenly a down-to-earth human being. The traditional bravado had evaporated. I forgot he was a much-touted hero and a glamor husband as, candidly, he related what really happened when he was a nobody.

"I was down in the South Seas for five-and-a-half years, went there at eighteen," Errol began. "They claim if you stay for five years you can never get away. I'd made two attempts to get out of New Guinea, but both times I'd failed. I realized the third attempt had to click, so I connived like fury. I was resolved to start a new life, to escape the fatal drifting habit that would wind me up as a beachcomber. I became plenty shrewd, believe me! I stopped playing around. I counted every penny. And, finally, I was all set to return to London to amount to something after all.

"To save on exchange I bought uncut diamonds, and to further beat the exchange rate I bought sixty ounces of gold. That was my stake, which I'd earned. In Hong Kong the diamonds were swiped from me. In Shanghai the boat was searched. By then I knew who did it, but we couldn't nail it on him. However, since gold was worth three pounds an ounce I still had almost nine hundred dollars."

Errol hurried to Ireland to visit his parents first. It had been a long absence. But he wasn't sidetracked into merely settling down. He informed his parents he was heading for London to be a movie actor. His father, a professor in Dublin, sighed. His mother only smiled, confidently; she was sure he'd make the grade.

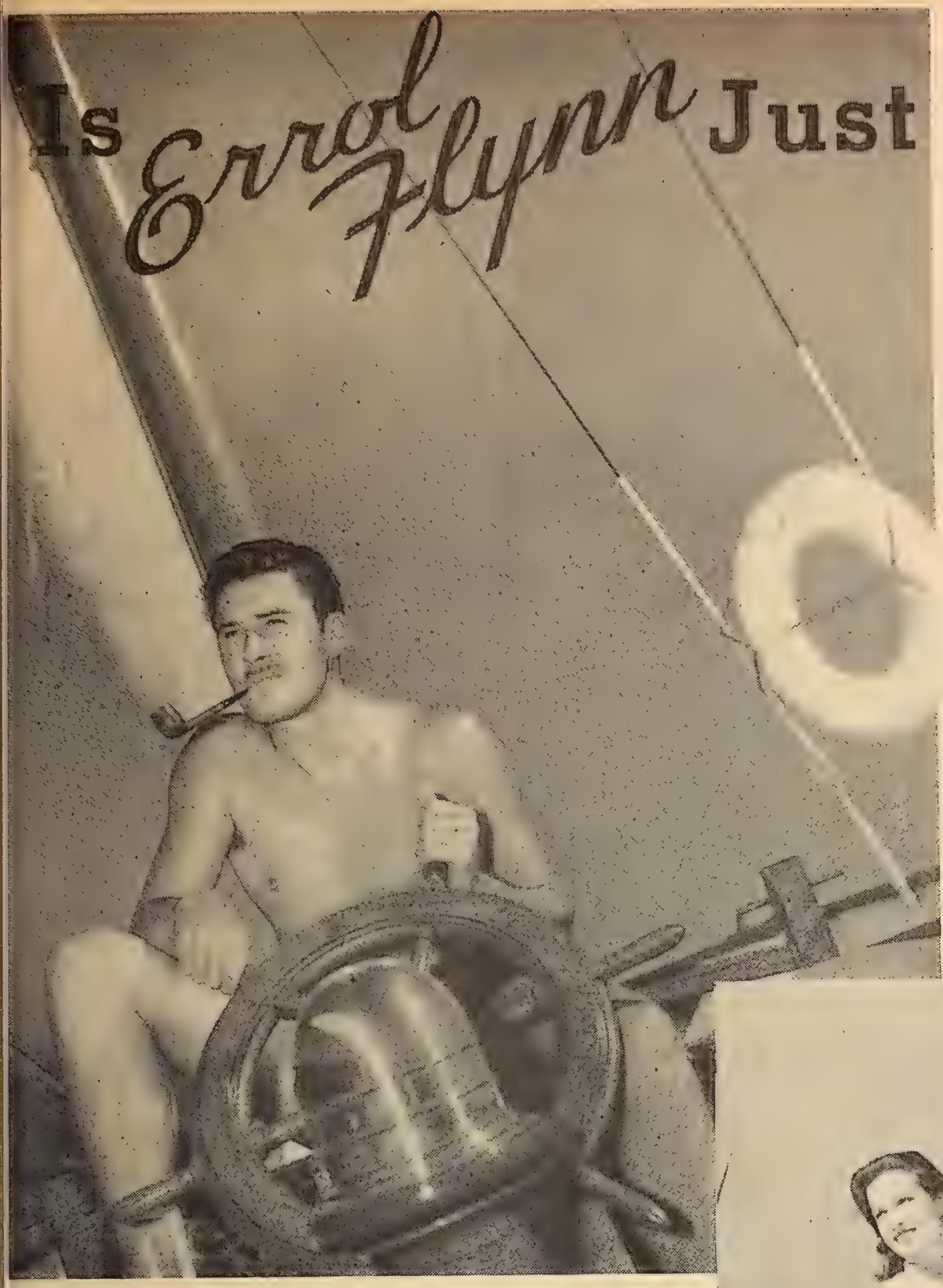
"I decided to become a movie actor, because it was the only thing that appealed to me. I knew I'd be lost in an office. I'd been thrown out of office jobs. Acting seemed exciting and it offered an easy way to make a living. I don't know why it never occurred to me to stop off in Hollywood on my trip back to England, but it didn't.

"When I arrived in London I didn't know anyone there. All the pals I'd had in school had scattered. I couldn't get my nose in any studio. I found that out quickly enough! I was so naive I didn't know who to see, so I marched to the front door of the Gaumont-British studio and introduced myself in vain to the doorman. I remember he was an enormous and unsympathetic ex-guardsman."

The sole recommendation Errol had was that he'd once had a role in a film made by a small Australian company. That brief bit, proudly pointed to, brought nothing but funny smiles. Or as Errol puts it, "I gradually saw they were saying to themselves, 'Look, here's a screwball!' When you've no imposing record of experience no one wants to give you a chance. I made the grievous mistake of telling the truth. So I bummed in London for three or four months. I'd put my gold in a bank and I'd go down and draw out a half-ounce and take it to be weighed and sold. I had a room in Finnsbury Park, in a house full of medical students. It was a long bus ride out.

"I just made the rounds of the theatres and agents until at last I got a job as an understudy in a play. I was fired before I finished my first reading of it. Even if

Is Errol Flynn Just Plain Lucky?



had a repertoire theatre in Northampton and loved sports. When I went to interview him he asked, 'Can you play cricket? Are you a bowler?' I replied, 'Yes, indeed, but I can't act!' "

The truth bobbed up again, but Errol's athletic ability was more important, apparently, for he was hired at thirty dollars a week, for the stock company.

"A phenomenal salary for bits. After my first week I was cut down to fifteen a week. 'Do you want to quit?' asked my boss. 'No,' I retorted politely, 'I'll remain.' It was Christmas time and 'Jack and the Beanstalk' had been my first show. I did the wicked prince. I carefully applied all the make-up I could lay hold of. My eyebrows rose alarmingly. I had a hair lip. I sneered! I was a bewildered chauffeur next. Every week we had a change. I frequently had but a cough and a spit on-stage, as it were. And I was possessed with the crazy idea that make-up would make me a great 'heavy.' When we did 'Bull- [*Continued on page* 74]

I was an actor, as I'd maintained, I wasn't good enough!

"That should have been disconcerting, but I wasn't to be squelched. Next, nothing followed. Eventually someone told me to get photographs of myself made. I had some fierce-looking ones taken, and that got me nowhere. I heard of a casting journal, 'The Spotlight.' Actors advertised in it. It was customary to display your best portrait and a list of your hits. I spent fifty dollars for a half-page ad. I couldn't think of any play references, so I just put in my picture. Perhaps, I reasoned, with only a blank below it they'll think I'm a big shot.

"Well," admitted Errol, reaching for a favorite pipe, "nobody fell for it. Nothing more happened rapidly. A couple of months more passed. I decided I must have something unusual to attract attention. Another issue of 'The Spotlight' was being made up, so I dug up a boxing pose of mine, a scowling picture taken when I'd been in the Olympics. I furthermore made up the most incredible plays, to go beneath it. And it does pay to advertise, for one producer fell for that. He



Errol believes that luck plays a great part in success and that some people are luckier than others. Himself, for example. He has traveled on every continent and all over the East. He can speak Chinese, in fact. Loves to take yachting trips with Lili.

That Gay Southern Gal from London



WHEN you've been making pretty talk about the movie folk as long as I have nothing surprises you. Well, practically nothing. You are not surprised when the star who professed *in caps* a great big wonderful undying love for her spouse divorces him the day you make the newsstands with the most beautiful love story ever told, and you are not surprised in the least when the star who wants to retire from the screen forever *in a double page with quotes* snaps at a new contract with the vivacity of a hungry carp. You're not surprised when Garbo won't see you and Grable will. You are not surprised when Dietrich "lufs"

Vivien as she appears as Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind." *Below:* A scene with Clark Gable from the famous picture. *Below right:* Escort Laurence Olivier.



Who said the English have no sense of humor? You'll realize how wrong that is when you read about Vivien Leigh of London whose sparkling wit has no equal in Hollywood

By Elizabeth Wilson

America one day and America takes away her jewels the next.

Well, I was getting into an awful rut being not surprised, and terribly bored, too, when one day the telephone rang and a nice voice that dropped the "r's" ever so slightly said that it was Vivien Leigh and would I come to lunch on Thursday. *Would I?* I'll say. I was that surprised you could have knocked me over with a feather. Ordinarily it takes a sledge-hammer to do the trick.

Ever since that very embarrassing afternoon last January when poor Vivien, all done up in Scarlett's white party dress, and flanked by Mr. Selznick's press agents (just in case she might say the wrong thing) had to cotton to the press en masse for at least fifteen minutes, and tell us how pleased she was to play Scarlett, she has been taboo as far as the writing profession is concerned. You could probably snare the crown jewels out of the Tower of London quicker than you could snare an interview out of Vivien Leigh. And this for several reasons: (1) Selznick In-

[*Continued on page* 75]

Vivien as she looked while making pictures in England. *Below:* Toasting their Majesties with Reginald Gardiner and David Niven. *Below left:* Chatting with Conductor Walter Damrosch.



Unmasking



The Man in the Iron Mask

By

Gene Harvey

HE'S young and he's goodlooking; he's been acclaimed "terrific" in his last three vehicles and at this writing is playing a coveted role in what promises to be another smash. He's a young man of background and education who has recently grabbed off for himself one of the loveliest gals in Hollywood and is on the highroad to superstardom, so could you excuse it please and understand if he had a slight attack of Hollywooditis?—if it happened that fame and good fortune went slightly to his head and left him a bit wacky? It would be natural enough. But it hasn't! Louis Hayward is none of those things.

He's undoubtedly on the rise; a star who has by no means reached his full brilliance as yet. He clicked in his first featured roles, was a hit in "The Duke Of West Point," and a smash in two roles in "The Man In The Iron Mask." And there's every reason to believe he'll do all right in "My Son, My Son" now in the making. But a picture of Louis Hayward is a portrait of a sane young man.

For even though Louis seems to have burst into the starry firmament rather suddenly, to have rocketed to stardom after one picture, the truth of the matter is he's done it the hard way.

Perhaps, in the next few months or years Louis may follow Hollywood tradition and go grand on us, but at this point he's avoided it pretty thoroughly and there seems little likelihood of it ever happening . . . we hope.

Mrs. Louis Hayward, too, should be a strong deterrent toward any upstage tendencies, if tendencies there were. It's hard to imagine the pert and dynamic Ida Lupino aiding and abetting anything like stuffed-shirtishness.

Perhaps, some of Louis' calm sanity in the face of terrific build-up comes from his conservative British background. Born in Johannesburg, South Africa, Louis' father was a mining engineer who helped make history in the Transvaal. And when young Louis passed the grammar school age he was sent to schools in France and England, the ultimate objective being a place with an uncle who was a successful London stockbroker. But here Louis twisted the tail of Fate a bit; theatricals



Louis Hayward was born in Johannesburg, South Africa. His father, a mining engineer who helped make history in the Transvaal, had hoped Louis would become a London stockbroker in his uncle's office. But Louis enrolled in dramatic school.

Louis Hayward is no sudden, over-night sensation; he's come up the hard way and it's all been very exciting on the long road to stardom



Ida Lupino is Mrs. Louis Hayward. She's currently in "The Light That Failed," with Ronald Colman. Ida was just fourteen when Louis first saw her. "Who," he asked, "is that brat?"

Above: Lillian Myhre gives a final expert touch to the 17th century hair-do worn by Louis in "The Man in the Iron Mask." *Right:* With Joan Bennett and Director James Whale during the filming of it.

had already caught his eye and he enrolled in an English dramatic academy.

Actors seldom have an easy time of it, and to make things a bit tougher Louis' father died while he was in his 'teens. Deciding to go on with the uncertain career of the theatre was something of a momentous step, but Louis took it. He had a hunch that there lay his success. It might have been determination to carry on in his chosen field. At any rate he took most of the family's savings and put them into a small touring stock company. Then, though Louis worked hard in a variety of roles, the venture flopped financially, as stock companies have frequently done from time immemorial. But the experience was Louis' jumping off place and he was able to sign with another road company.

He progressed, touring for two years, then spent about four playing in London. "I was fortunate," he says, "in that I had the opportunity to do some fine plays: 'The Vinegar Tree,' 'Another Language,' and others." And if he was fortunate he was also a pretty good actor to get them. Then New York beckoned, and he appeared with Lunt and Fontanne in "Point Valaine," on Broadway.

He didn't get a chance to do any more in New York, for Hollywood scouts picked him up and shot him to the West Coast where nothing much happened. He played comparatively unimportant roles in several pictures; appeared in "Anthony Adverse," "The Rage of Paris," "The Woman I Love," and other films, but a lot of the time he did nothing.

"It was all new to me," he says, telling about it now, "and awfully hard to take sanely. I didn't know what to do. On every hand you hear about the necessity of doing this or that; I was told how suicidal it was to do the wrong things, or be seen with the wrong people. So I spent most of my time when not working with friends at my home, lying low. One house guest stayed a year, another two years.

"But I wanted to do things in pictures, naturally. My ultimate ambition is to direct and it seemed a good idea to put in some of my free time really learning about pictures. So when I was between pictures I offered to report at the studio every morning to go through the whole routine of picture-making; to work on the set, in the laboratories, in the cutting room and so on. That seemed a good way to grasp the whole workings. I'd have done it gladly, too, but the matter of the various unions came up and I couldn't work at those jobs without a card."

It was in the Edward Small production of "The Duke Of West Point" that Louis got his first real break. Small, the producer who picked Robert Donat as star material, was so [*Continued on page* 78]

Reviews

Direct from the West Coast



Robert Young with Ann Sothern in "Maisie." Her outstanding performance won her a long-term contract.

MAISIE

WHAT YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR—
M-G-M

THIS is undoubtedly one of the best comedies, and with plenty of heart in it, too, that has come our way in an awfully long time. Ann Sothern plays "Maisie the Chiffon Girl," who arrives in a little cowtown in Wyoming to do her number in a burlesque show, only to discover that the show has folded and left her stripped, as far as the do-re-mi is concerned. There's a rodeo in town so she gets a job in a shooting gallery and meets up with "Slim," a cowboy ranch manager, played by Robert Young. Slim hates women, but there's not much you can do about Maisie when she makes up her mind, so you're not surprised when Maisie, hand on hip, and wisecrack on lip, ensconces herself on his ranch. Ian Hunter, the big New York millionaire who owns the ranch, arrives with his socialite wife who is cheating on him, and Maisie finds herself mixed up in intrigue and a murder case. The Boss wills the ranch to Maisie, so after she clears Slim of the murder charge, she fires him as ranch manager, but hires him back as her husband. Maisie is a gal with a heart and a lot of common sense, and you'll love her. Bob Young, who has been handed so many terrible parts recently, is perfectly elegant as Slim, the woman-hater. Ruth Hussey plays the faithless wife, and Cliff Edwards a ukulele-playing cowboy. Ann Sothern as Maisie gives a performance you'll never forget. She's *that* good.

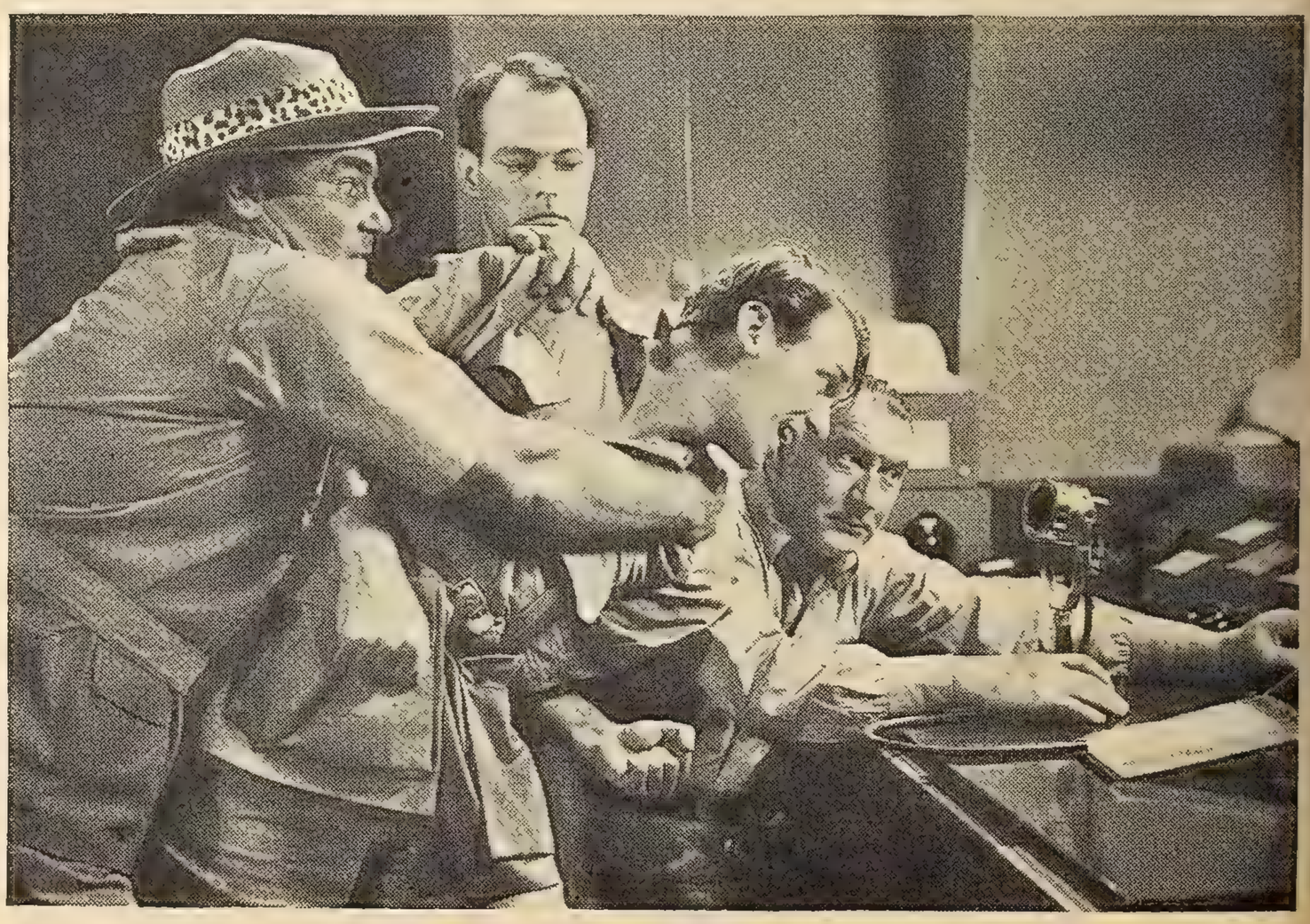
MAN ABOUT TOWN

A TRIUMPH FOR JACK BENNY
Paramount

THE best of the Jack Benny pictures. It has swell gags, sprightly dialogue, and some pleasing acting by Jack—but, lordy, lordy, it's Rochester who fairly wraps up the picture and takes it home. Rochester, who [*Continued on page* 69]



Above: Phil Harris in a fond embrace with Dorothy Lamour, both of whom appear with Jack Benny in "Man About Town." It's the best picture Jack has made. Edward Arnold and Binnie Barnes are featured in it, too.



Right: An exciting scene from "The Sun Never Sets," in which Doug Fairbanks, Jr., has the leading role. It's rather far-fetched melodrama. Cast also includes Basil Rathbone, Lionel Atwill and striking Virginia Field.



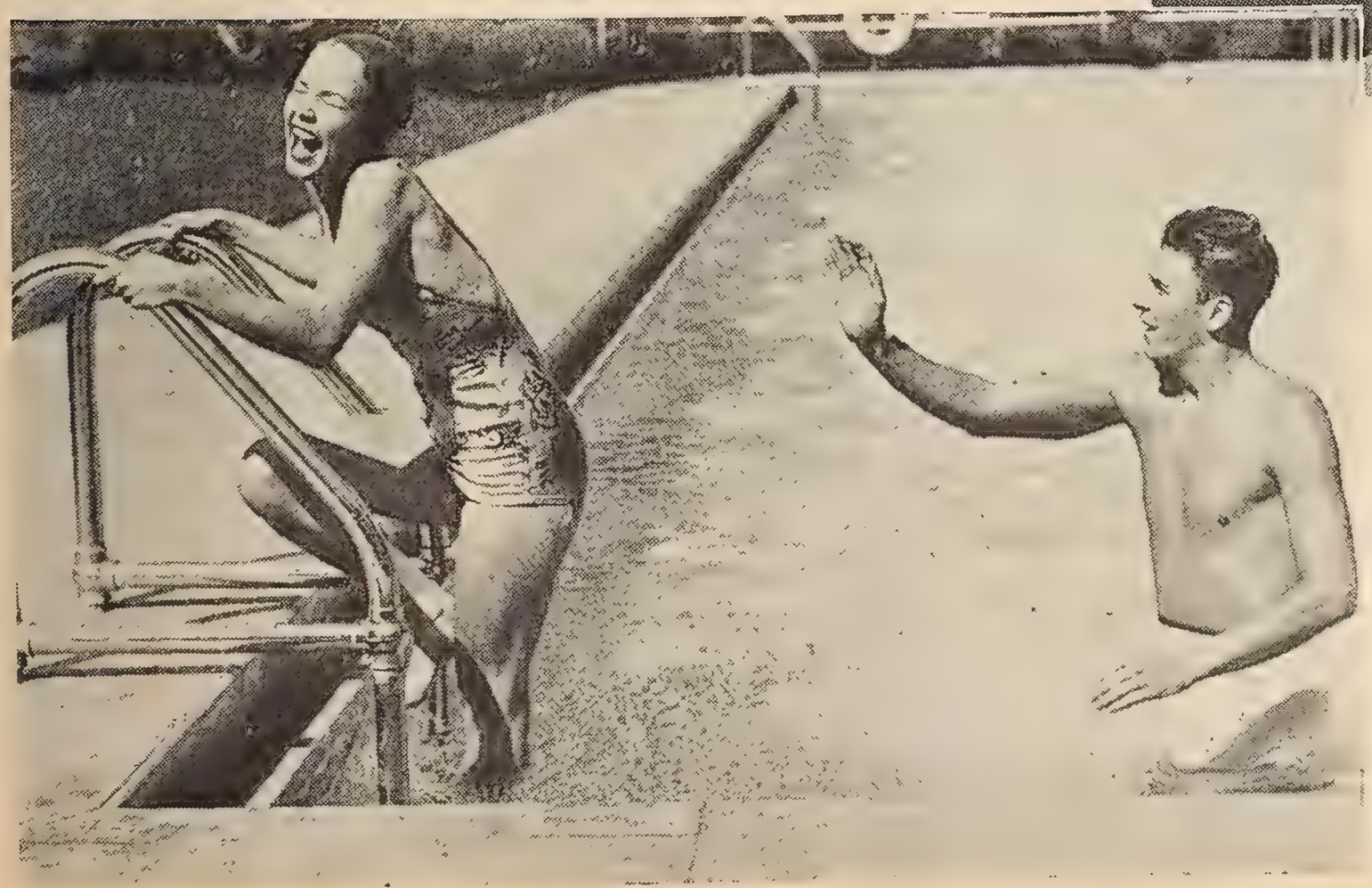
Edward Arnold, seated beside his business manager's wife, has a happy time of it at the recent Paramount convention dinner. He gives his usual fine performance in "Man About Town."

Carole Landis blowing up one of those "water wing" bathing caps which keeps you afloat. It has an air cushion in the back of the cap. Carole just got a divorce and is back in circulation.



Edgar Bergen having a grand time with Doris Roach, daughter of Hal.





Cesar Romero with Ann Sheridan, as usual, at Earl Carroll's Theatre-Restaurant. *Left:* Jane Wyman gets a nice splashing from Ronald Reagan.

FOTO FLASHES!

Away from the studio means relaxation for the players

Cooler Days are Coming!



Virginia Bruce, beautiful blonde M-G-M player, effectively combines a light grey wool circular skirt with a dark grey wool bolero jacket bordered with black silk braid. Her delicate, handmade blouse is of finely tucked white satin and her rakish, upturned sports hat is of black felt. Black suede gloves and shoes lend a somewhat "dressy" touch.



A London tan and beige plaid wool jacket, with black wool lapels to match her black wool skirt, is Virginia's choice for long walks in town or occasional shopping tours. A casual white satin blouse is worn with the revers outside the coat. A London tan and beige felt hat and London tan brogues complete this attractive town or country outfit.

There's nothing so appropriate as a chic jacket and skirt ensemble when autumn's in the air.



VIRGINIA BRUCE looks so graceful and so utterly charming in this negligee that we wouldn't be a bit surprised if she thought it was too lovely to keep at home and decided to wear it out dancing some night. It is of pansy-blue chiffon with purple and silver pailettes designing the skirt and brief bolero. The bodice and bolero are outlined in delicate silver beading.



FOR the theatre and for restaurant dining, Virginia Bruce has chosen this extremely smart tailored gown that combines chartreuse and black crepe in eye-catching fashion. The skirt has simple, flowing lines with a full train, and the blouse has a straight, fairly high neckline, with long, modified dolman sleeves. Her exquisite bracelet and blouse ornament are of fine antique gold and amethysts.

Pictures on the Fire!

Visits to the sets and chats with the players



Above: **Bette Davis and Errol Flynn in an impressive scene in Warners' forthcoming "The Lady and the Knight."**



Left: **Glamorous Lana Turner with Lew Ayres as they appear in M-G-M's "These Glamour Girls," soon ready.**

Below: Andrea Leeds, Gary Cooper and David Niven in "The Real Glory," a Goldwyn film.



"MY MARRIAGE was a great mistake," Myrna whispered. "It's you I love."

"Ah-h-h!" I returned ecstatically.

But suddenly there was a discordant jangle. It was the telephone—waking me up. Cursing all telephones in general and mine in particular, I picked up the receiver.

"And don't forget," Maxine Thomas of the M-G-M publicity department reminded me sternly, "you promised to give us the lead this month. 'The Women,' you know."

"Fiddle-de-dee with the women," I retorted. "It's Myrna Loy I'm interested in. She just told me she loves me."

"You're nuts!" Maxine reminded me for the steenth time.

"I guess so," I admitted gloomily as I came fully awake.

"Well, come on out," she suggests. "It's a good set today and I'll buy you lunch."

I'd rather have kept on sleeping and had Myrna but since I'm awake and Myrna is not even in the offing I clamber out of bed. I give my teeth a hasty once-over-lightly, rake a comb or a razor (I forget which) through my stubble, sneer at the coffee pot because a free lunch is just a few hours away and out I trot to—

M-G-M

NATURALLY the most important picture out here is "The Women" starring Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford with a list of supporting players as long as your arm, including Rosalind Russell, Florence Nash, Joan Fontaine, Mary Boland, Paulette Goddard, Virginia Grey and only the good Lord and the M-G-M casting director know who all else.

You probably know the story of "The Women." The picture is adapted from one of the most sensationally successful stage plays of the decade and deals with what goes on behind the scenes when a bunch of the fair sex get together. There is not a man in the cast.

Miss Shearer is the loving little wife

By Dick Mook

whose husband strays from the hearthside and Joan Crawford is the little—er—dame who catches his wandering eye. Miss Russell is the viper-tongued lady who is always on the winning side—the winning side being whichever one has the man at the moment. She's the sort of gal who spills the beans (purposely) and then says, "Oh, I'm so sorry. I thought you knew!"

Well, she has practically wrecked dear Norma's marriage because Norma is in Reno getting a divorce. In Reno Norma meets up with Mary Boland, Joan Fontaine and Paulette Goddard. They are living on a dude ranch and are out on a picnic. I'm wrong—for once. She has just got her divorce and the picnic is to celebrate it. The mail has just come and Norma has received a letter from Florence Nash announcing that "that blundering stork has just delivered another female to Phelps and me."

"Oh, no! Good heavens!" Joan Fontaine ejaculates. "That makes eight girls!"

"Eight little cherubs!" Miss Boland corrects her. "How sweet! Ah, l'amour! L'amour! Toujours l'amour!"

"Who the heck's paging l'amour?" demands a strident voice.

We look up and there is Rozzie Russell who has just arrived for a divorce herself.

This may not seem exciting but wait! Roz discovers that Paulette is the girl her husband intends to marry as soon as he is free. You've heard that old expression, "the fur flies?" Well, babies, this time the hair flies and I mean FLIES.

This production is notable for a number of things. Not only is it a grand story but it marks Joan Crawford's first appearance as a vamp and you have to hand it to that girl. She sacrifices sympathy in this picture as nonchalantly as Bette Davis sacrificed her eyebrows in "The Lady and the Knight." It introduces Florence Nash who used to be a big star on Broadway and who should have been in the movies eons ago. It brings back Mary Boland and Joan Fontaine in real acting parts and it gives Rosalind Russell the best part she has had since "Craig's Wife."

If you can only go to one picture a year I unhesitatingly recommend "THE WOMEN." Don't miss it!

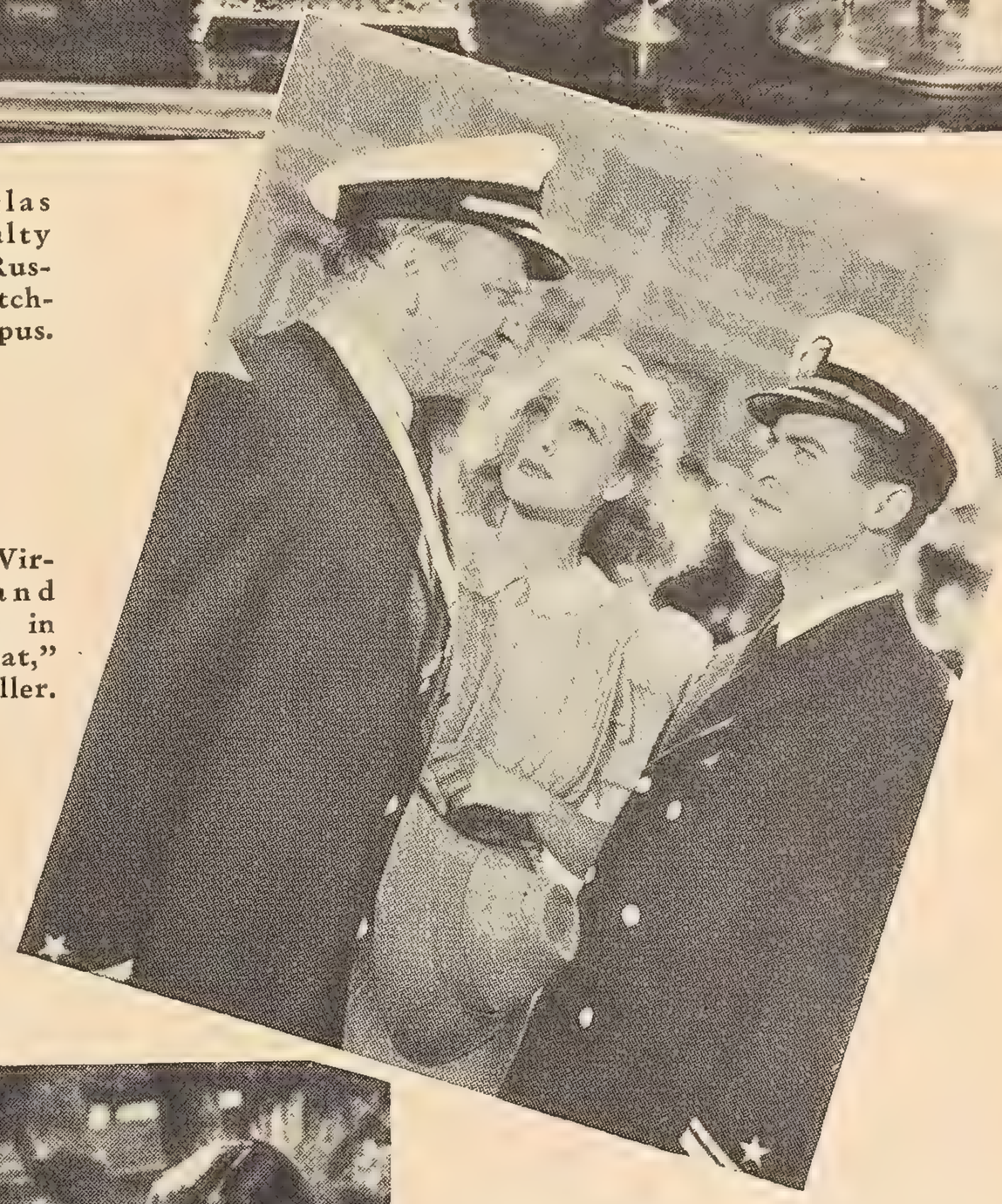
* * *

NEXT there is "Ninotchka" in which Garbo makes her return to the screen after two years' absence. Time has not softened Madame's attitude towards the press and she still permits no visitors when she's working. But today—Ah! She is *not* working, so with racing pulse and bated breath I make my way onto the set where Garbo's feet have trod. But, alackaday. I find only Melvyn Douglas surrounded by three mad Russians who are

[*Continued on page* 80]



Melvyn Douglas having difficulty with three mad Russians in "Ninotchka," the Garbo opus.



Wallace Beery, Virginia Grey and Chester Morris in "Thunder Afloat," a nautical thriller.



Joan Fontaine, Norma Shearer, Mary Boland and Paulette Goddard in the highly amusing Reno sequence of "The Women."

Topics for Gossip

[Continued from page 21]

beauty." Thought you'd like to know.

Katharine Aldridge, one of the most beautiful of the "new faces," has just been appointed to the Studio Council of the Hollywood Studio Club, as an example in good deportment. About which Gregory Ratoff, her director on "Hotel for Women," commented: "That's right, I never met a girl with more virtue or more sansashunal appetite. She's always hungry on the set."

We have just had a star close her set in our face. And we didn't hit the ceiling and yell and scream and call her names. On the contrary we felt all coo-y and gurgly about it, and when we saw the closed set we tipped away very obligingly. She who is getting away with more than even a Bette Davis or a Norma Shearer can get away with is little Miss Sandra Lee Henville, who since her debut in "East Side of Heaven" has become Hollywood's youngest and newest star. When Miss Henville wants a little peace and quiet from her arduous duties before the camera she simply has the assistant director put a sign up on the stage door, "QUIET! SANDY'S ASLEEP!" And you can hear a safety-pin drop.

Sandy was born in Los Angeles on January 14, 1938, the daughter of Roy Henville, Los Angeles milkman. At the time of her birth her parents had no idea that she would ever be a film star. Neither did Sandy. As a matter of fact her entrance into pictures was in the nature of a fluke. Mrs. Henville read a newspaper story to the effect that Universal was looking for a baby for "East Side of Heaven." She suggested to her husband that he leave a couple of pictures of the baby, along with the milk, at the home of one of his customers, Charles Previn, Universal musical director. Mr. Previn was enchanted with Sandy's photographs and showed them to Director David Butler, who had already looked over three hundred babies for the part without finding one he liked. Mr. Butler sent for Sandy and without even giving her a test put her in the picture—which, as you know, she proceeded to steal right from under the eyelashes of Bing Crosby, Joan Blondell and Mischa Auer.

The script called for a baby boy, so little Sandra obligingly became a boy for picture purposes and changed her name to Sandy. Her sudden success has made no difference to her parents. Papa Henville still has his milk route and the family still lives just as conservatively as they did before. Sandy's time in the studio is limited by state law to four hours a day, out of which she can work only two hours. She must rest the other two. Before starting work on her new starring picture in which she again plays a boy, "Sandy Take a Bow," she posed for a fashion sitting, and gave out several interviews.

"Ma-a, Da-da," said Sandy to her public. The folksy type.

When Joan Davis and her husband, Si Wills, were personal appearancing in Columbus, Ohio, recently, Coach Schmidt of the Ohio State football team was introduced to her, and told her he couldn't believe she'd kicked the goal in the "Hold That Co-Ed" scenes. Joan assured him she had and that the coach of U.C.L.A. had trained her. Next morning she awakened and his disbelief still rankled, so she and Si piled into a cab, drove out to Ohio State, sought out Coach Schmidt, who was working with his players, and she proceeded then and there to kick the ball over the posts several times. Coach Schmidt says she can have a job with him anytime she quits stage and screen.

Si, incidentally, just presented Joan with a 30-carat huge star sapphire ring. Joan was showing it to their 5-year-old daughter, Beverly, who commented, "What a pretty marble you got, mamma."

All the while he was working in "Juarez" John Garfield never got any closer to Mexico than the San Fernando Valley. But the picture made him extremely Mexico-conscious, so when the studio permitted him a three weeks' vacation recently he and his wife set out for Mexico City. When he dropped by the table in the Green Room at the studio to tell Olivia de Havilland, one of his favorite actresses, goodbye, Olivia turned to her guests and said, "John is going to Mexico to get atmosphere for his last picture."

From all accounts it would seem that Miss Greta Garbo is warming up a bit after all these years. Not only is she driving her new car (a new car to Garbo is an old car to everyone else) but she is even passing out compliments to her fellow workers. It seems that Hedy Lamarr was eager for an autographed photograph of Garbo and asked one of the men in the Metro publicity office to get it for her. Greta refused the photograph—but explained, "I am so sorry, but I never give autographs. Besides, I should think twice about giving a picture to Miss Lamarr. Everytime she looks in her mirror —my picture would be such a disappointment."

Though slightly off-color Joan Blondell couldn't resist telling a conversation she overheard between the gardener and her young son Normie the other day. It seems that someone gave Normie a new baby puppy which Normie simply went crazy about. "You can keep the puppy, Normie," Dick Powell told him, "provided you keep him out of the house. We have new rugs, you know, and they are very beautiful, and very expensive, and we can't have dogs ruining them."

So Normie was very careful to keep his little puppy out of the house. But Joan, returning home from a luncheon date one afternoon, heard Normie calling from the nursery window to the gardener. "Please, clean up the tennis court before my Daddy wants to play tennis. If he sees what my puppy did he'll send him away. I told my puppy to use the incinerator, but he misunderstood me and used the tennis court."

Garbo, quite innocently, is just about to set a new style. Greta can't take too many chances with the sun, now that she has started her new picture, so she walks around the studio lot wearing an old-fashioned farmer's straw hat with a cord fastened under her chin. Well, anyway, it will be better than that Empress Eugenie vogue she foisted upon us several years ago.

A high spot in "The Women" is the fist fight between Rosalind Russell and Paulette Goddard—which is going to be awfully good, provided the censors don't cut too much of it out. The girls didn't pull their punches, and tore into one another for the best part of a day. Despite the fact that she even lost her panties, Paulette must have gotten the best of the fight bcause poor Rosalind had to stay home, and with a doctor, for the next three days. Just in case there might be candid cameras lurking around Metro closed the set the day of the fight as tight as a tick.

The latest Hollywoodites to go rural are Bob and Betty Young. They've bought a big ranch out in the Valley and now it's horses and cows and chickens and early to bed for the Youngs—who used to be among the best of the Hollywood night club stay-up-lates. At Una Merkel's party recently for Madge Evans, Bob and Betty left right after the dessert—those country folk are worse than Long Island commuters.

Tyrone Power came through the earthquakes, falling walls, fires, floods, rains and plagues of "The Rains Came" without a scratch, but on his first day away from the studio he went swimming in his new pool, and noticed, as he was bobbing about on a new rubber duck, that the water container in the bathhouse needed refilling. So out he jumped, got a fresh five gallon bottle and was lifting it in place when it slipped through his wet fingers and crashed all over his bare feet. Eight stitches had to be taken. And Annabella's handsome husband had to take to crutches.

Ty and Annabella, who are just about the most in-love people we've ever seen, sailed quite recently for a two months' European vacation which they'll spend mostly in Annabella's beloved France. She wants Ty to meet her mother, her little daughter, and her pet dog—all of whom will probably return to Hollywood with the Powers in the Fall.

If you want descriptive words made up these days don't go to Walter Winchell or Irving Hoffman. Those bright boys have to take second billing now that Norman Scott Powell, Dick and Joan's little boy, has decided to make up his own vocabulary. One hot day recently Normie sat on the sidelines quite entranced while Dick played tennis. Finally he rushed in to Joan with the announcement, "Daddy Dick is persisweating something terrible."

Stories behind the stories in Hollywood are always interesting. Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond chanced criticism by waiting three minutes in front of a theatre to which they were already late for the preview, because a new cameraman ran out of flash-bulbs and asked them to wait until he reloaded. The new boy who was jittery from the manner in which most players rush through camera

[*Continued on page 77*]

In the Social Whirl —IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

Both thrilled over the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care* they can give their skin today



Before Her Guests Arrive—Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III, busy member of Philadelphia's young married set, steals a moment for an interview.

Yachting Enthusiast—Mrs. Drexel enjoys cruising southern waters off Nassau. The family's palatial yacht is known around the world.

Belle of Masquerade—Mrs. Drexel's regal costume holds every eye. After hours of dancing, she still looks fresh and charming.

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:
Do you have to spend a lot of time and money on your complexion, Blanche?

ANSWER:
"No, I can't! I haven't much of either. But thanks to Pond's two creams, it isn't necessary. I cream my skin with their cold cream night and morning and when I freshen up at lunch hour. After this cleansing, I always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:
Mrs. Drexel, how do you ever find time to keep your skin so smooth and glowing?

ANSWER:
"It takes no time at all. To get my skin really clean and fresh, I just cream it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. Now that it contains Vitamin A, I have an added reason for using it! Then to smooth little roughnesses away, I pat on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—one application does it."

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:
Don't sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:
"Not when I protect it with Pond's Vanishing Cream! Just one application smooths little roughnesses right away."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:
Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your cold cream?

ANSWER:
"Because it's the 'skin-vitamin'—skin without enough Vitamin A gets rough and dry. So I'm glad I can give my skin an extra supply of this important 'skin-vitamin' with each Pond's creaming."

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:
What steps do you take to keep your make-up glamorous all evening?

ANSWER:
"Before I go out on a date, I get my skin good and clean with Pond's Cold Cream. That makes it soft, too. Then I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream so my skin takes make-up evenly—holds powder longer."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.





Landed Gov't Job—Blanche Brewer of Clarksdale, Miss., keeps books. Starred in recent beauty "survey" among capital employees.

Sunday Afternoon Canoe Trip—Blanche flashes a winning smile at her admiring escort as he talks to her across the paddle.

After the Movies—Blanche says a lingering "good night" on the front steps. She and her sister share small apartment in Washington.

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT Ponds, Dept. 7SS-CVJ, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

Foreign Love Technique

[Continued from page 23]

suave, sophisticated French actor, Charles Boyer, is the stimulating cocktail of the movie menu. He's a romanticist, and much as he dislikes the title, he is today the Great Lover of the screen. In each role he portrays, as in "Conquest," "Algiers," "Love Affair" and now, "Modern Cinderella," he emphasizes his ability in expressing romantic moods. His love scenes are unusual for his appeal is mental as well as physical, something intangible and provocative, and imbued with sincerity and a brooding tenderness that enwraps each person in his audience.

Boyer will tell you that he counts *love* to be the important thing, both in the world of art, and in real life. Success and fame mean little unless bathed in the perfect understanding and sympathy of one you love, and who loves you. This is the quality he puts into his acting; that love is the greatest influence there is, the one thing to work for, to cherish, and to guard.

With an amused smile, he said, "In the Paris Theatre an actor has even a more ardent following than a man on the screen in Hollywood. The fans are not so numerous, but individually they are more intense. Fan interest, I should say, is predicated on curiosity—is rootless and transitory. So, to retain the illusion, an actor should never become the man.

"Through concentration, I actually feel I am the person I am playing. That is the reason I do not like visitors on the set when making a picture. I do not want to be recalled to my own identity—break the emotional thread I have created. You know," he added, flashing his enigmatic smile, "actors aren't normal people. If we were, we wouldn't be actors!"

Even talking casually to Charles Boyer, one feels that life is deliciously exciting, that drama is all about them. Could an actor possess a greater power?

Romantic Cesar Romero, feminine heart-throb both on and off the screen, is a Cuban. "We of the Latin races," said Cesar, "are definitely idealistic regarding women; we place them on a pedestal and worship them. However, while our demonstrations may be more flowery, and we grow poetical on the least occasion, our sincerity is no deeper than your own American devotion. So, I'd say, fundamentally, men are all pretty much the same.

"An actor should never mix real emotions with the make-believe of acting for he must always keep his mind clear in order to appraise his work. To simulate passions but never feel them, is his job. In real life, the hero may become bewildered, or falter over his lines—but never the actor, who must carry the thought clearly to the audience.

"I don't believe actors fall in love during romantic scenes, because romance demands privacy which you certainly don't get while filming love scenes. It is very possible to become influenced by the mood of the role, but this is a fleeting experience and one quickly snaps back to normal when the scene is completed.

"It's very sad," grinned Cesar, "but I usually lose the girl in the final reel. The most exciting love scenes I've played were those in the romantic picture 'The Devil is a Woman' with Marlene Dietrich, because I actually enjoyed the fade-out kiss. And there's a story in that. Our emotions had been built up for this final fervid clinch and when the director gave his signal, we both turned suddenly and came together with a terrific force that almost unbalanced us, but clinging together, we kept right on in the mood until the call of 'cut!' Then, we discovered our lips were bleeding—we had bruised them badly, with that passionate impact. That was realism—with a price!"

Despite the shabby army uniform and ten days' growth of beard Leslie Howard was sporting as Ashley Wilkes, returning from the Civil War in "Gone With The Wind," he looked ideally romantic. It was amazing—and one expected to find him reciting poetry. But instead, he was in a flippant mood.

"Ashley," confided Leslie, with twinkling eyes," was a cautious guy, afraid to take what Life offered. He wasn't the typical Southern lover, because sometimes he even passed up Scarlett. He should have been a monk!

"Americans," he continued more seriously, "are romantic idealists, with much honest sentiment, and they speak out freely when and how they please. The Britisher is taught to hold emotion in check, and he's restrained by traditions laid down for him through many generations. An Englishman never sees the drama seething all about him, but remains calm, refusing to become deeply stirred. The higher the social scale, the more reserved they are. The youth majoring at Cambridge writes a different love letter from that of the workman in the street. Their emotion may be identical, but the manner of expressing it is wholly unlike. An actor creates his characters through his own imagination and he must know all the fine points so he may interpret the emotions of the man he is portraying, according to the environment, education, and all the multitudinous bits of background that make him what he is.

"I like to play love scenes because they are usually the crux of the drama, but I detest any exaggeration, and no part of a play should be more carefully written than such scenes. Everybody is hungry for romance and the stage and screen is the escape from the monotony against which people protest. It's up to the actor to put so much realism into his portrayal that those seeking to find their dreams visualized will be satisfied."

Pure Spanish blood flows through Gilbert Roland's veins, and while he has spent half of his thirty-one years in America, he retains the dash and romantic mystery of his race.

"We idealize women," Gilbert told me, between games at the Tennis Club. "We worship beauty, charm, and all the soft feminine qualities that intrigue masculine interest because they are in contrast to himself. Latin races are emotional and in Spain, to sing, to dance, to love—that is living. Sad, that such joyous people are facing so much sorrow, but they have a magnificent courage that will carry them back to happiness. Family life is their strength. The eyes of youth may wander a bit, but nothing disrupts the home—that is inviolate.

"An actor puts into his portrayal only the emotions he knows. Therefore, his success depends upon his creative imagination in making these live and breathe and become reality. The technique of screen love changed completely with the talkies, becoming more subdued, more restrained, and far more silent. Today, a noisy kiss brings a laugh. Last night I had the experience of viewing the silent version of 'Camille' which I made with Norma Talmadge some eleven years ago. It was a little startling to watch the long drawn-out passionate love scenes, the many kisses—and remember, that picture was a top-notcher in its day. Compared with the technique used in 'Wuthering Heights,' for instance, we see how far the screen has advanced.

"It doesn't take glamorous backgrounds to make a man fall in love; it all depends upon the girl herself. Unconsciously, every man is seeking the one whose charms, allure and inner sparkle is his secret ideal. The perfect love has understanding and sympathy, congeniality of tastes, a lilting quality that puts fire into every moment, that makes life exciting and worth living. That is what the actor hopes to express upon the screen, because it embodies what every man and woman in the audience is yearning for in their own life."

Restless, eager, smiling, Errol Flynn answered my question, "There's no difference in the emotional reactions of the Irish and the Americans, both are impulsive and dynamic. It's Bang! Bang! Little attention to subtleties. As for lovers, one can be as hammy as the other. National characteristics don't count much for each individual absorbs his own qualities from a million sources that can't be traced. While I create my roles wholly through imagination, I, probably, pick up bits of inspiration from incidents I've lived, or seen, or heard about, and unconsciously, incorporate them. It's difficult to draw the line between the real and the unreal, for most of our thoughts and actions are influenced by hidden inheritances we know nothing about.

"Of course, I like to play love scenes—what young man wouldn't?" he went on, with a quick laugh. "Especially, when you consider the beautiful heroines the screen offers me. Olivia de Havilland and I have kidded each other unmercifully through five pictures together, and she's one girl who takes teasing in strides. Bette Davis is an inspiration. I first played with her in 'The Sisters' and her gorgeous sense of humor lighted up the in-between moments of that tense drama; I might have exploded otherwise. Now, we've made 'The Lady and The Knight' together—but she wasn't such a pal for she had me beheaded!

"Men aren't particularly romantic; they're not thoughtful enough about the little things that mean so much to women. Love doesn't remain at white-heat all the time. Nothing is stationary, least of all, emotions. Men accept this, but women are reluctant to do so."

Errol's candor wins you, yet it is his tremendous masculine vitality that gives you the hit-between-the-eyes socko on the screen. You feel he is far more interested in stalking head-hunters, or trekking through tropical jungles searching adventure, than he is in romances or orchid decorated ballrooms.

Francis Lederer, magnetic young actor born in Czecho-Slovakio, but now an enthusiastic citizen of the United States, crashed to fame as Romeo to Elizabeth Bergner's Juliet, in a Berlin sensational triumph. Steeped in Old World traditions, Francis said, "In Europe, love-making is a subtle art, flirtations an exciting part of life. The basis of this, I believe, is because boys and girls do not mix in school or play, and as a man grows up, a woman is Life's greatest mystery. Seeking to find his ideal, he falls in love easily, and often, while the search for his Goddess progresses.

"In America, the whole outlook is different. From childhood, boys and girls are together as friends and pals, and as they grow older, love blossoms naturally, built on a beautiful congeniality. It is all so wholesome, so wonderful and fine, and despite the easy divorce, I sincerely believe you find more happy marriages in this country than in any other.

"To the actor," continued Lederer, with his eager enthusiasm, "love is most important. He's an interpreter of emotions and to portray them convincingly he must develop his own sensitivity, be aware of every vibration and awaken every dormant feeling. Any emotional disturbance is enriching for once having experienced it, he can recreate it because, in imagination, he merely *lives it again*. Love-making is a mental thing that creeps through the screen and an actor must himself feel the flame, the romance, if he is to make it reality to his audience.

"I should say that regardless of race, an actor trains himself to feel every emotion in an exaggerated degree. He must be able to suggest strength, smouldering fire—and tenderness. He must add glamour, and give a terrific vitality to every moment. It is a big order, but every actor loves it for it gives a wallop to his work, and to life itself!"

So, Romance has been told off by these popular stars from foreign shores, yet—it still remains an Open Question just how much a nation may influence emotional reactions.

It was the exotic Pola Negri who once said, *"The European lover never forgets the little things, nor the American the important ones!"* Is this the answer?



Marie Wilson gives a light to one of the Warner Brothers' electricians who apparently enjoys a good cigar and lots of it.



She'll Take Deanna's Place

[Continued from page 27]

keep their own shoes clean. Anything they *can* do, they *must* do. For Gloria Jean is the second daughter in a family of Four Daughters. And all four daughters know discipline as well as love.

There is Sally Kay, who will soon be fifteen; then Gloria Jean, eleven; Lois, ten, and Bonnie, the baby, four. Bonnie will appear in Gloria Jean's next—and second picture. Bonnie, too, has a Voice.

Gloria Jean was born in Buffalo, N. Y., but when she was six weeks old the family moved to Scranton, Pa., where they made their home with Mrs. Schoonover's Aunt Cora and Uncle Jack Davies. Gloria Jean's Daddy, a welding instructor in Buffalo, became a piano salesman in Scranton. When Gloria Jean was fifteen months old she started to sing (Deanna, you remember, started to sing when she started to talk, too!)

The first song the baby sang right through, air and words, was "Little Annie Rooney." And it was her Uncle Jack, a Welshman, himself a famous singer in his country and his time, who first realized that there was something in that infant throat . . . something more than a larynx and a pair of tonsils. It was Uncle Jack who took her in hand, Uncle Jack who put her before the public at the age of five, singing the beautiful old Welsh songs (in the difficult, old Welsh tongue) at local Welsh festivals. When she was five, too, her mother told me, she became interested in opera, forsaking dolls and Cops 'n' Robbers to spend whole afternoons, from two to five, listening to the Lucky Strike operatic programs on the air. She liked to read books about Jenny Lind, and books about the lives of musical composers.

"I don't know where she got it from," her mother says, "I say it is a gift from God, that it just was to be." In all other respects the little girl was just a little girl who went to school when she was six. She hated arithmetic, loved history and geography. She loved to play with dolls (and still does) especially her Princess Elizabeth and Deanna Durbin dolls. She would put on whole operas, singing for the dolls herself.

When she was ten she was taken to New York to study voice under Mme. Leah Russell. She filled one "professional" engagement, with a small opera company in New York.

And then, one night, a stranger appeared at the door of the small apartment name-plated Schoonover. The stranger gave his name as Mr. Nooglebauer. He lived in an adjoining apartment, he said. He had heard a "young woman" singing. He wanted to know who she was. Told that the "young woman" was a child of ten the stranger all but carried her pick-a-back down to the office of his friend, Larry Waterman. Now, thus do the Fates embroider the design . . . for Larry Waterman is Joe Pasternak's secretary in the East. And almost as immediately, and quite as salubriously, did Larry Waterman carry the small Gloria into the sanctum of Mr. Pasternak.

And right away, Mr. Pasternak "fell for her," as we say in deah old Hollywood, suhs. He fell for her even before he heard her sing. For here, after the 500 odd other children he had heard "do their stuff" was a natural little girl with, obviously, no "acting instructions." And here, astoundingly, was a little girl who didn't want to sing for him. For when the accompanist began, the child asked to be excused from singing. Asked the why of this incredulous reluctance she said, embarrassed but firm, "The piano is so badly out of tune, sir, that you wouldn't get the benefit of my voice!"

I think it was then that Mr. Pasternak must have realized that out of the mouth of the babe the genuine Artist was speaking. And so he listened to records the child had made for her teacher, records of Annie Laurie, the Bell Song from Lakme and others. And one month from that day small Gloria Jean and her mother arrived in Hollywood, the child was signed to a long-term contract and went to work in her first picture, *The Underpup*.

So this, then, is Gloria's "background." And now, here comes Gloria Jean herself.

When I stepped onto the set of *The Underpup*, at once the child came to greet me. Quite a *little* girl, slenderly fashioned, with smoky blue, wide-set eyes under a serene brow, golden brown hair, neither "touched up" nor permanently waved, the indeterminate nose of childhood, a noticeably sensitive mouth. I was impressed, right off, with her calmness, her poise, her manners which are not the manners, I am happy to tell you, of your "professional" child, but such manners as any nicely brought up little girl in any nice American home would have.

Almost at once, Gloria Jean was at pains to explain to me that the stains on the bosom of her blue and white checked gingham dress were not "just dirt." She said: "They're really chocolate stains, you know, but they're supposed to be *blood* on account of how Pip-Emma, that's my name in the picture, gets into a fight. . . . I don't want you to think I just *spilled* something!" Reassured that I understood the exigencies of one's Art, Gloria Jean answered my stock leading question "How do you like making movies?" by saying, with an eleven-year-oldish hop, skip and jump, "I *love* it! It's lots more fun than playing games at home. I don't know why it is, but it *is!*" Heavens, History, how you do repeat yourself, methought, for I went back with a three-year-bang to the young Deanna on the set of her first picture, telling me, "It's swell, playing in pictures! I'll bet I'm having more fun than any girl in the world!"

Here were similarities just falling into my lap with soft, small plops . . . they both love what they are doing, neither of them ever speaks of their work as "work" but always as "playing"; there is in both of them that rich, warm glow of contentment which suffuses anyone, child or adult, who is doing what they were born to do.

But there are, I soon discovered, some dissimilarities, too. As Mr. Pasternak was to point out to me, their voices are entirely different, Deanna being a lyric soprano, on the "heavy" side rather than the light, Gloria Jean a coloratura. And, Mr. Pasternak told me Gloria Jean's career will never "follow" Deanna's in the sense of playing the game of Follow The Leader. Every individual is different, he said, which makes it foolish to say that Gloria Jean is Deanna's successor. Gloria Jean differs from Deanna in that she is more a little Girl of the People than Deanna was. She is nearer to Mr. and Mrs. Average Folks. There is a touch of "Skippy" in her.

"I love children," Mr. Pasternak told me, "and I was losing Deanna, a little. It is, with me, much as with parents who bring one daughter to marriagable age, and realize that the day will come when they must lose her, and are grateful that the next child is "coming along" so that the house will not be empty of childhood . . . and if the older child has turned out well the parents will try, naturally, to follow the same pattern with the younger one. Deanna," smiled Deanna's producer, "has turned out 'well'! And so we will try to follow, with Gloria Jean, the same general pattern we used for her. We will try to bring Gloria up in the same 'proper' way.

"As with Deanna, we will not try to make Gloria Jean other than what she is, a natural, unspoiled little girl; we will try, instead, to keep her just as she is. I predict for her a very brilliant future. In her next picture we may put her on the Lower East Side of New York; in the picture after that, on a farm. We will try for a laugh and a tear as we go along, all the way through . . . a dream of childhood . . . there is no lovelier dream. And so," continued Mr. Pasternak, "Gloria Jean steps into her first picture as Deanna steps into her first screen love . . . and so it goes . . . the pattern will be much the same . . . the threads the girls weave into the pattern will be the threads of their own personalities . . . their own differences . . ."

One such "difference" I soon discovered. It is that Gloria Jean shows a more effervescent enthusiasm about things and people than the more contained Deanna ever did. Perhaps this is because Deanna was an "older woman" when she began, being thirteen to Gloria's eleven. At any rate, whereas Deanna could never be inveigled into spoken enthusiasms about other stars, would never commit herself, always saying "I like them all" and employing the same politic method with all other pertinent or impertinent questions, Gloria Jean has no such reticences.

On the way to her portable dressing-room, the child confided in me. "When I stepped off the train and knew I was in Hollywood, I couldn't believe it was *me!* I said to my mother: "Just imagine, I'm right here, where *Deanna Durbin* and *Shirley Temple* are! And Charles Boyer, too, I said, because he is my very favorite grown-up actor!

"You see, my hobby back home was going to movies. And I was just crazy about Deanna. I did dream, back home, that I might *meet* her some day, just to say 'howdeedo,' you know, but I never, never thought I'd ever really *know* her. I never, never thought I'd be in the same studio

[*Continued on page* 79]

FOR BROWN-EYED GIRLS LIKE ETHEL MERMAN



A star of "STARS IN YOUR EYES"

There's *Glamour* in Marvelous Matched Makeup!

Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!



LOIS: Explain yourself, Judy! You say you chose this makeup by the color of your *eyes?*

JUDY: Yes! It's Marvelous Matched Makeup—the most flattering powder, rouge and lipstick I've ever used, Lois! It's amazing what a harmonized makeup can do for a girl!



LOIS: It's *perfect* on *you*, Judy! But *your* eyes are *brown!* What about *me*, with *blue* eyes?

JUDY: Whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—

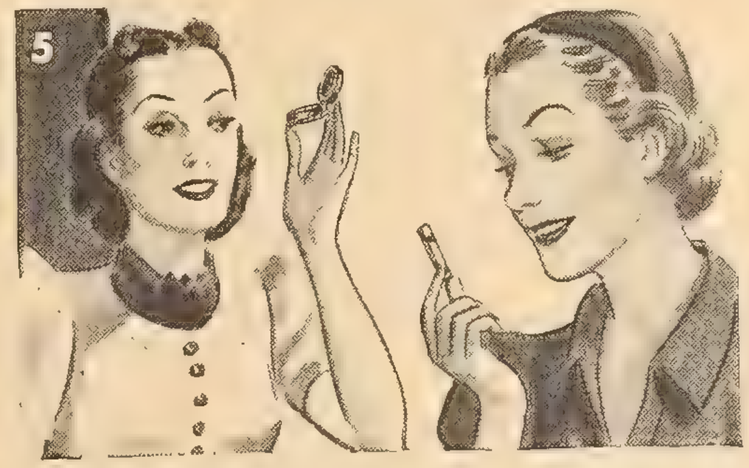


LOIS: And they found *eye* color to be the guide to proper makeup shades, Judy?

JUDY: Lois, they found it's the *only* true guide! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes—*the color of your eyes!*



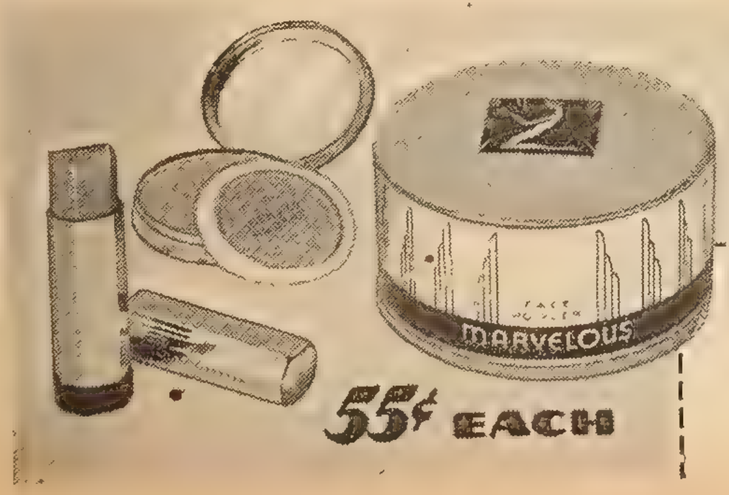
JUDY: And Marvelous Matched Makeup gives you so much *more* than becoming shades, Lois! Take the face powder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives your skin such a smooth, suede-like finish!



JUDY: I'm *devoted* to Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick—and you will be, too! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly* —gives your lips lovely, *long-lasting* color!



JUDY: With Marvelous, you look as you *want* to look! You can get the Powder, Rouge and Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony*, use them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each! *(65¢ in Canada)*



MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

SU-939

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐

Please send sample Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous metal containers. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

Hollywood Race Track Crowd

[Continued from page 39]

question: has the horse-racing fever hurt Hollywood's production of pictures? To that one, I'd offer a definite "No." Instead I think it has enlarged the Hollywood horizon, given them something besides pictures to think about, stimulated their interest, taught them how the other half of the world lives, because the other half of the world, removed from Hollywood, bets on horse-races, too. Despite the fact that it is generaly believed Hollywood production has been curtailed because stars and players cut classes at the studios and rush to the race track, nothing could be further from the truth. The dividing line between business and pleasure is sharply defined, and the fact that Saturday afternoon is the BIG day at the track, in attendance and money handled, proves that the studios haven't tolerated any kidding with production schedules. In fact, directors and producers, during the racing season, are even stricter with players who ask for an afternoon off, just as the restrictions are accented during the winter football season.

I'll show you ten pictures that were completed during the Santa Anita and Inglewood meetings, ten pictures that represent the top work of this colony. Each one of them was completed from a week to ten days AHEAD of the production schedules. Performers bet on the races, of course. If they can't get to the race track, they bet over the telephones at the various studios. The important thing to remember is that they can afford it, and few of them bet big.

What horses do they bet on? Quite often, on horses owned by other actors, or producers or directors. Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone bet on the one-horse stable owned by Rochester, on their program. The M-G-M crowd bet on the Louis B. Mayer horses and those owned by Nat Goldstone, who is Robert Taylor's agent. The 20th Century-Fox crowd bet on the blue and brown silks of executive Bill Goetz. His clients bet on agent Myron Selznick's stable. The Warner studio crowd generally bets on Harry M. Warner's stable or the horses that run in the silks of Mervyn Le Roy and the former Doris Warner. George Raft's entries attract movie support. Pat O'Brien, Jim Cagney and others of Crosby's pals bet on the ponies that are owned by Crosby and Lin Howard. The Goldwyn studio crowd bet regularly on "Dogaway," writer Robert Riskin's speedy nag. Director Raoul Walsh, Director Howard Hawks, Director Frank Lloyd and Director Dave Butler, when they are represented in the day's racing card, always have a string of actors and actresses following them. Musicians have won money on Ted Fio Rito's small stable, and the radio colony has a rooting interest in the Lum and Abner stable and the Don Ameche bangtails.

For an appreciable spell the movie colony relied on witches' brews, spells, incantations and superstitions to pick winners. Lacking more solid information, they bet on horses' numbers corresponding to license plates and Social Security numbers. The wives of the celebs bet on visions revealed to them in dreams, the names of horses, the colors of jockey silks and other highly regarded intangibles. That was before Hollywood got into the racing game itself as breeders and owners and before they imported crackerjack trainers from the east. The trainers and the jockeys started teaching their new bosses about horse-racing, and today the movie crowd has a fairly high racing I. Q.

It has even gone beyond information, and led to romance. Starlet Nan Grey, at Universal, up and married Jockey Jack Westrope as you will recall. During this courtship, it seemed that every starlet in town was being squired by the short giants of the turf, because the jockeys started meeting the younger set of actresses through Westrope. Always tactful, and because of their camera-wise experience of the movie sets, the younger femme players, on these dates with the shorter jockeys, wore low heeled shoes so as not to embarrass the amorous midgets. It was an old movie trick to the actresses; they do it every day in movies when playing scenes with actors who are shorter than they. Romance, too, in the naming of "Clarcarole," which predicted the Gable-Lombard merger long before the gossipers.

The person who generally is conceded to know more about horses than anyone else in the movie colony, and whose figures and charts are most in demand, is not a movie player or executive or actor's agent. He is Harry Curland, bespectacled concessionaire at the Santa Anita race track by profession, and, by marriage, the uncle of agent Nat Goldstone. Proudest boast of any of the movie crowd is that Curland has given him his figures and clockings. Ranking close to Curland as a seer on things equine is veteran Al Jolson, who started learning about the ponies in the days when he was playing at the Winter Garden and the ponies were playing matinees at Aqueduct. Harry Cohn, prexy of Columbia Pictures, is reputed to know more than a thing or two; Crosby's judgment is respected; Director Sam (Good-By Mr. Chips) Wood comes up with quite a few longshots, and then there is a middle-group composed of such half-and-half experts as Walter Connolly, Stu Erwin, Guy Kibbee, Mrs. Zeppo Marx, Pat O'Brien, Frank Orsatti, Al Ritz and Chico Marx. On the outskirts of this crowd of handicappers are McKinley Bryant, better than most, and Walter Haggerty, a pal of Broadway's Sam H. Harris, who are canny judges of horse-flesh and have access to professional sources of considerable accuracy.

You will hear fantastic stories of betting coups in Hollywood. Don't believe them, because few of the movie crowd bet a lot of money. A thousand dollar bet, which is not rare on eastern and Chicago tracks, is a rarity out here. I met Gilbert Roland at a $10 window. He was buying two tickets on a horse to place, a $20 bet. Louis B. Mayer is a regular visitor to the $50 window, so is Mervyn Le Roy, agent Frank Orsatti, agent Myron Selznick and Al Ritz. Most of them can be found at the $5 window. They will bet high at card games and dice and roulette, but for some psychological quirk, the movie crowd doesn't sock it in at the race track. Crosby's partner, Lin Howard, is a big bettor, but whether or not Bing is a big player I don't know. The wives of the players, like ladies at every race-track in the country, are $2 bettors. Rhea Gable, Clark's ex, probably is the biggest of the lady bettors. She'll bet $25 on a race.

It is a one-day racing town, Hollywood, and on Saturday afternoons you see most of the movie stars in attendance. The rest of the week, (there is no racing on Mondays out here), the race track depends upon the non-professionals for support. At the Inglewood track, the pari-mutuel machines handle every day about $350,000 in bets; on Saturday, the handle goes to double that figure, between $625,000 and $700,000. The total this year has been lower, because there is the gambling ship Rex, (no relation of the Italian liner), which is anchored three miles off the Santa Monica shore and opens for business every morning. Quite a few bettors make their wagers out there, because of the convenience of betting on other tracks as well, while basking on the deck in the Pacific sun.

Ten per cent of the movie colonists are rabid horse-racing enthusiasts. The other ninety per cent can take it or leave it alone, viewing it only as a social outlet. For that reason, if no other, the sport of kings hasn't hurt Hollywood because the bulk of the picture crowd still is intent on picture-making. The ten per cent who are rabid turf fans have been multiplied in the popular imagination because, as movie celebs, they've received so much publicity.

With this minority, the owning of race-horses has provided an excitement of a different flavor, and they've relished it deeply. Yet you can go out and make book on this: as the movie crowd learns that owning race horses is an expensive luxury, and as the publicity departments drum home the message that such publicity is often dangerous, you will find more and more of the movie celebs withdrawing from active interest in racing and racing stables. Those who hang on will be that scant few who have a deep and sincere interest in the turf. But regardless of how long or how short is the life of the racing fad, I think it has been a tonic to Hollywood. It was something new and exciting and the colony was in need of it, because all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, to say nothing of making Jacqueline a dull girl.

The most popular horse that has ever run out here, oddly enough, was not a famous thoroughbred, as the race track or clockers figure greatness. It was a venerable old beast badly named "Malicious" who could not sprint but who, at a distance of two miles, invariably won in the last few strides. This ancient and amazing old steed did not train, as other thoroughbreds, with a jockey on his back or an exercise boy in the saddle. His trainer tied a long piece of string to his halter and old "Malicious" would run around in a wide circle until he stopped. Just as he maintained an even pace in

[*Continued on page* 78]

The Tricky Things Women Will Do!

[Continued from page 41]

how good he is to his mother, how you do *adore* a man who is Good To His Mother, how successful he is in business, what a Master Mind is his, BUT—*'you have no sex appeal!'*

"That does it. He's yours. For life. He jams on the brakes, not on the side of the road, right in the middle, right then and there. He goes into it. He fights to prove to you that you are crazy-mistaken. He will NOT allow you to lodge that thought, not for 24 hours. He won't TAKE it. He questions your Bill of Rights on that. It's the best attack I've ever found, not only to make an Impression, acid-etched, scarring, ineradicable, but also to pep up a dull day. He'll never forget you. You've made an impression, not only first, but lasting. He'll want to marry you. He'll want to spend the rest of his life proving to you that you were wrong, making you eat them woids, bringing you to your knees with the abject confession that, compared to him, a combination of Gable, Boyer, Mussolini, Montgomery, Flynn is so much pap. . . ."

Now I figger the best way to betray my fellow women is to put down, right here and now, the answers the others gave me to the same question. It'll save time, if not my skin, I won't have to take you with me into each of the dressing rooms along that seemingly peaceful row of portables . . .

Well, Joan Crawford told me that the way to make a first impression on a man, the way to attract a man is NOT TO TRY. If you see a man who looks like your game and you want to attract him, said Joan, DON'T TRY. If you have to take yourself apart and put yourself together again, DON'T TRY. For women who try, said our Miss Crawford, "invariably try too hard. The poor things have no sense of proportion when their hunting instincts are aroused. Their shots go wild. They always talk too much, laugh too loudly, make fools of themselves. And, in the midst of the clamour-supposed-to-be-glamour, the quarry escapes." Norma Shearer sort of agreed with Joan. She said that women have too many tricks to enumerate unless you are writing a set of books on the subject . . . but, and here is where she agrees with Joan, "they should always be exercised unconsciously if they are to be successful."

Joan Fontaine (ah, there, Conrad Nagel!) went into a reg'lar spiel on the question. Said fair Miss F.: "Making that First Impression . . . ah, who hasn't witnessed the complete 'about face' in the feminine manner when an eligible man enters the room! The sudden rearranging of the dress, the hasty dab with the powder puff, the lowering and sweetening of the vocal range, the charming smile, the graceful gesture, the sparkle in the questioning eye . . . all motors humming and alas, m'boy, not even the smartest among you heeds the Danger Signs . . ."

Florence Nash, on the other hand, was inclined to be pessimistic about the possibility of making a First Impression. Said Miss Nash: "Unfortunately, the First Impression is usually made before you know your man. Men are quicker on the trigger, the eye-uptake is swifter in the male than in the female. In other words, a man spots a woman before a woman spots a man. Then the trick is to adjust the first, unconscious impression to suit his preference."

Phyllis Povah's recipe is simple and succinct . . . a mere matter of making him believe that he is the Only Man In The Room. And, from there, a gentle transition in skilled hands, the Only Man In The World . . . a mere matter of giving him (and no cheating), your eyes, your ears, your undivided attention.

Mary Boland sort of disdained the question. She said that she doesn't want to make any impression on any man, having the reverse of matrimonial intentions, but that if *you* want to make an Impression on a man "just Look Your Best, it's all you can do, you poor thing, you . . ."

Paulette Goddard just smiled, secretively . . . a cagey one, that 'un . . .

And how this revealing of women's tricks, I was to think as we went along, revealed, also, the women themselves . . . regular Character Analysis, s'help me.

Tricks To Make A Man Jealous was my next low line.

Joan Crawford said that she wouldn't be knowing because if a woman wants to make a man jealous she's pretty cheap

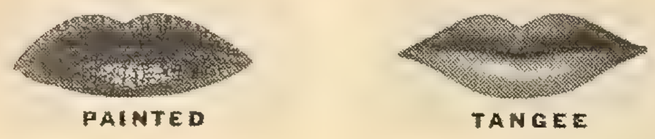




Make Your Lips Magnetic!

Use the *only* lipstick with the "magic" Tangee Color Change Principle. Tangee gives you what every man dreams about... smooth, soft, rosy, "natural" lips! Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to your *very own* shade of blush-rose... ranging from delicate pink to glamorous red... and its special cream base helps keep your lips smooth and young-looking.

FOR "PEACHES AND CREAM" COMPLEXION use Tangee Rouge, compact or creme, to match your "magic" Tangee Lipstick... and Tangee Powder to give your skin the fascinating *underglow* that is an exclusive Tangee secret!



BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let some smart salesperson switch you.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

*Name*_____
[Please Print]

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____ SU99

and she'd just rather not think about it. Roz, Norma, Phyllis Povah all agree that there's just one tried, tested and true, bona fide and infallible way of making a man jealous—*Another Man!* Florence Nash said, pithily, "If a man is of a jealous nature, he writes his own ticket!" Paulette Goddard, the sly-boots, flipped, "The great trick is to keep a man from being jealous." Mary Boland said that she couldn't be annoyed and so, wouldn't be knowing.

Joan Fontaine, continuing her spiel, was more explicit. She said: "First the male must be led to believe that he is a very, very Fortunate Fellow . . . then he must be led to fear that all the smiles are not for him, that the Gentleman on The Left (even if he does stutter) is now the happy recipient of that delectable smile, that whispered confidence. It's always helpful, too, to let Him hear you whisper to the Gentleman on The Left, 'just our *own* little secret, y'know . . . and now, m'boy, you're pretty miserable, aren't you? You're giving it that If-I-Were-The-Only-One squirm, aren't you?"

Why, Miss Fontaine, I said to myself, who would have thought it? And you so young and fair.

Well, the next was: *WHAT TRICKS DO WOMEN EMPLOY TO GET THEIR OWN WAY WITHOUT SEEMING TO?* Joan Crawford said "offer to do anything a man wants to do and you'll end by doing what you want to do." Roz agreed with, "Twist it around and make him think *he* decided it, whatever it may be." Norma said, "Seeming fragile and helpless is the best way. The moment a woman becomes obviously determined, she is lost. Men will do *anything* a lavender-and-lacish woman wants . . ."

Paulette said, right out, that she couldn't answer this one . . . apparently the Goddard goddess has never had any difficulty about getting her own way, and so hasn't given the matter any thought. Florence Nash went noble on me on this one. She said: "To know the answer would imply dishonesty to me, which may be why I play the old maid in *The Women!*" Phyllis Povah said, "Give in—just a little, then He'll give in—the whole hog." Mary Boland suggested: "Just listen to him . . . let him talk and *listen* to him and he won't know whether he's doing what you want or what he wants."

Joan Fontanne carried on her apotheosis, or is it her apologia to Man, the Poor Fish. She said: "And still, you fool, little do you suspect the wiles that have resulted in those tickets to her favorite opera, those rare white orchids, that faint, lingering fragrance of Chanel No. 5, those delightfully extravagant dinners at the smartest restaurants . . . all to her utter delight and the utter depletion of your pocket book . . . Alas, these were NOT the spontaneous display of your devotion but, and you never once suspected, the rewards of a patient lady who knew what she wanted and how to get it . . ."

Tricks Of Making The Grand Entrance: Norma gave it a slapstick touch. She said: "Most important one—*don't trip!*" Phyllis Povah's trick is an artful dodge. "Sneak In and Pop Up all of a sudden, just from Nowhere," purred Povah. Joan Fontaine carried on with: "Have him thinking: 'How everyone suddenly comes alive when you enter a room with her! How gracious she looks as she advances upon her extinguished hostess, arms outstretched! How lovely the modulated voice as she laughingly greets the admiring guests with a toss of her head, a wave of her hand! And to think that *you* are her Escort!' "

Paulette pouted (I think Paulette was On To Me)—"Come in pouting. Look sullen. Look bored. Look *beastly* bored. Everyone will be intrigued. Everyone will cluster round like bees swarming around scandal light . . ."

Roz was Machievellian. She said: "Nothing like a build-up before you come in. To this end have a couple of friends 'planted' before you make your entrance . . . if you haven't a couple of good friends, *hire someone.* Have them give off with, 'you are going to meet the *Grandest girl!* . . . and did you hear . . . two Princes of the Blood jumped into the Lake for love of her last summer!' (They swam right back to shore but this is omitted from the build-up copy). "Indubitably," said Roz, "the build-up before the Entrance makes the Entrance grand."

Joan's contribution was: "I wonder if anyone ever thought of being the *first* to arrive? It's not too bad. Get there first, get the best, most advantageous seat and just *sit* there."

Miss Nash recalled: "Being a prompt person myself I've seen a lot of Entrances, grand and gawdorful. For the most effective entrance, I should say, a woman seems to forget herself (but only seems to, of course, you know human nature as well as I do), is eager to greet the others, at the same time making every word a provocation, every move a picture . . ."

Mary Boland said, briefly, "Be appropriately dressed, there's always the good chance that no one else will be."

Tricks Of Flattering A Man Without Being Too Obvious: Miss Nash led off with, "You *can't* be too obvious if you talk about him!" Phyllis Povah gave us all dead away by this: "Make him think he has a brain. Give it the 'Now, Einstein and Dr. Carrel and Thomas Edison, I don't know *why,* but you *remind* me of them . . .' " Mary Boland: "*Ignore* him. Nothing flatters a man so much as being conspicuously ignored." Norma Shearer said, "By listening attentively." Roz agreed with Norma. "The old line of Being Interested in them," said Roz, "has not yet been improved upon. What they do, what they think, plenty of "ohs" and "ahs." Joan C. remarked: "I think that women should notice men's clothes. The poor things are so unused to being noticed, sartorially, all eclipsed as they are under silver foxes and baby bobs and orchids, that to say to a man, reflectively (but be sure you say it *reflectively*), *'nice* suit and tie, *lovely* color scheme . . . but *darling,* that hat isn't *quite* right with it' . . . that little, critical note makes the interest seem realer, you see, takes it out of the class of crass flattery."

La Fontaine carried on with: "And how gorgeous, how *far* more intoxicating than those three Martinis you've just had is the thrill of hearing that He plays tennis so-o-o-o divinely . . . and really, that funny, *funny* story He tells as only He can tell it."

How To Give The Appearance of Terrific Popularity: Let's have La Fontaine

carry right on, she hasn't long to live at this rate, so give her the breaks. "Just think, this Heavenly Creature prefers you to all others! To *think* that she had turned down invitation after invitation just to be with you . . . breaks dates for you! Why, only last week she ran into an old beau of hers and do you think she'd see him? Not your angel lamb! How d'you know? Why, she told you so *herself,* the honest little honeychile! Why, after all, she didn't encourage all those handsome men with *enormous* bank accounts . . . poor chaps, hard on them . . ."

Said Roz: "It's a patter . . . just keep pattering on about how of *course* you know Pete Hill *very* well. (You've never heard of Pete Hill). Get up a list of names and people, bone up on their biographies. Give the impression of knowing All the Best People. Be casual about 'that *sweet* little place on the Coast of Brittany. Nassau . . . Aiken . . . wonderful liars make wonderful impressions of popularity. I'm always lousy on names and places," lamented Roz, "so I can't use this one, but it's durable and convincing, and I recommend it."

Florence Nash said: "Concentrate on achievement when young. Your success will create a terrific popularity for you. You can rest from tricks on your laurels." Said Phyllis Povah, "Always have a date. Whether you have one or not, of *course,* do I have to spell it for you? You can always hide in Grand Central Station where no one will catch you out. And if anyone does, you are just catching the next train . . . 'these week-ends, you know . . .'"

Squealed Miss Boland, "Be completely self-sufficient. If you have a good murder mystery at home, there's no trick to it, s'truth." Miss Shearer was subtle and said: "Give an impression of great popularity by *never talking about it.*" Joan had to skip this one . . . couldn't answer it. You figure out why, it's easy.

Some Sure-Fire Tricks of Being Alluring: That Fontaine gal led off with: "For who could forget her, with her twinkling eyes, her shining hair with its little 'duck tails' defying a comb, those translucent blouses she wears . . . those lacy things silhouetted beneath them . . . those clinging sweaters, sheer hose, graceful, high-heeled shoes that make her feet so teentsy-weentsy . . . ahhh, the heavenly Creature!"

Miss Goddard gave, crisply: "No veils, no perfume, no make-up . . . well . . . ?" Said Miss Nash: "One of my favorite stories is about the girl who knew that men like rice pudding and used vanilla extract for perfume!" Said Miss Povah, daringly, "As few clothes as possible, as much perfume as possible." Miss Boland gave, briefly: "Perfume." Miss Shearer betrayed with: "By seeming a little Mysterious . . . if you can't keep it up for long, and who can, just go home early."

Said Miss Russell: "The wistful, lost air . . . the face of an angel, the soul of a devil . . . a terrific combination. It's fatal to be open-and-above board . . . that stuff's no good . . . men may be amused by it but they don't *marry* it."

Said Miss Crawford: "*Be feminine.* Be as feminine as you possibly can be. Don't use too much perfume, men hate it. Use just a little, so very little that they'll want to come closer to the tantalizing hint.



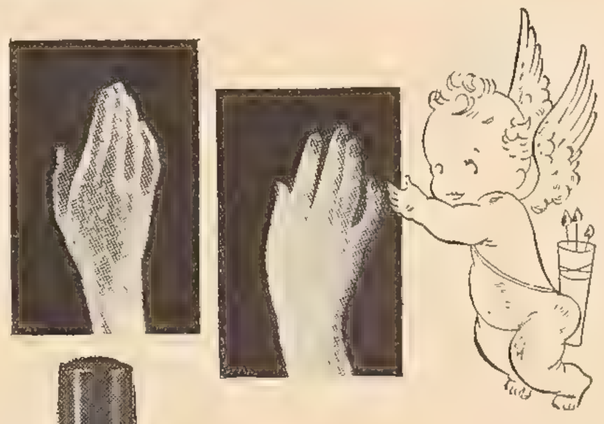
*Romance for Andrea Leeds and David Niven in the Samuel Goldwyn production "THE REAL GLORY." Her soft hands appeal! Read (below) how Jergens helps you.

Sun, Wind, Water often make HANDS look older. Worth while to prevent this

YOU CAN HAVE "Hollywood Hands"—thrillingly soft, smooth as satin! Just don't let wind and water dry out the skin.

Supplement the depleted natural moisture by using Jergens Lotion. So marvelous for helping beautify your hands. Many doctors—to help soften harsh, rough skin—use 2 of the very ingredients you have in Jergens. Regular use of this fragrant lotion helps prevent unattractive roughness.

No stickiness! Such a simple, quick way to have romantic hands. Start today to use Jergens Lotion like thousands of lovely girls. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢,—$1.00 for the extra economy size, at beauty counters.



CUPID'S ADVICE:

Help prevent unattractive roughness—furnish beautifying moisture for your hand skin with Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION



NEW! *For Smooth Complexion*—Jergens all-purpose Face Cream. Vitamin blend helps against drab, dry skin. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, at beauty counters.

FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

See—at our expense—how Jergens Lotion helps you have adorable, soft hands. *Mail this coupon today to:*

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2353 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Choose Your COLOR
by the
"FINGERNAIL"
... the new way
to buy Nail Polish



How will the color look **on your nails?** That's always been a problem —but no longer! Dura-Gloss shows you **just how polish will look on your fingernails,** when it's dry and lustrous. Patented "fingernail bottle cap" is coated with the actual polish same as in bottle. Try Dura-Gloss. Don't be misled by the low price, 10c. Compare it with $1 polishes! Dura-Gloss "goes on" smoothly, dries **fast** and wears amazingly well. Also a 25c Professional package.

A REAL BEAUTY TIP FOR YOUR FINGER TIPS!
See Booklet enclosed with every bottle of Dura-Coat Nail Wax (10c) for an important new beauty secret.

DURA-GLOSS
Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J.



Left to right: **Evelyn Keyes, Joseph Allen, Patricia Morrison, Robert Preston and Ellen Drew, who are members of Paramount's Golden Circle.**

There are more "dont's" than "do's" to this women's business of being alluring. Don't wear big hats when you go dancing. So that a man can't get near to you and mutters, 'that damn hat.' Don't wear the kind of a frock that impels you to say: 'I can't dance, my skirt is too tight.' Always be a little wide-eyed. A trace of Southern Accent does more harm than good, if you know what I mean. Above all, be *feminine*. Don't be silly, I *don't* have to explain further. The Female of the Species knows what I mean, only too well . . ."

If Hurt, How To Hide It: "In other words," I explained to my fellow tattle-tales (you can't blame me for all of this) "if you go to a party and you are not the center of attention, how do you conceal the gaping wound?" Paulette, the tit-for-tatter, walked out on this one with: "Don't call a doctor!" Joan Fontaine said: "Just play 'possum.'" Florence Nash, a practical trickster, said: "Finesse and adaptability. If you weren't born that way, take correspondence courses."

"Be *doubly* gay," said Miss Boland, grimly. Again Miss Shearer was subtle: "By *pretending* you're hurt," she gave out, "if you put up a good pretense no one will believe that you mean it."

"The only saving grace is a sense of humor," said Miss Crawford, "if you haven't got a sense of humor, get a headache and go home . . . before you're carried out, a casualty." From Roz: "I would suggest full concentration on the woman who *is* the center of attention. I think that under these circumstances I would be the loudest applauder of La Belle, in other words, the gracious listener . . . but *very* gracious . . ."

How A Woman Works If She Wants To Discountenance A Possible Rival: Miss Goddard, game to the end, remarked: "She should know that she can have no rival since no two women are the same." Miss Nash, Miss Shearer, Miss Russell rang up variations on the "Praise Her" method. "Use the praise and 'but-t-t' method," said Miss Nash; the "Praise her, but *very* condescendingly and a little too much," from Miss Shearer; "Praise her, of course, damn her with faint praise, give her the: 'Isn't she di-*vine*, but, my dear, why doesn't she *diet?*' brew, brewed Rosalind. Miss Fontaine picked up the running refrain of her betrayal with: "Of course you really *are* a little shocked that she (that woman) is so *wonderfully* modern, though you do try not to show it. . . . you do *wish* that *you* could wear *your* evening gowns so low, your nails so long and *scarlet* . . . but the Select Girls School which you attended was really terribly prudish and, silly to you, but you just haven't been able to get over the *lady-like* influence . . . then, too, you *do* wish that *you* could do all those *thrilling* things She does, like going out to cocktail parties and staying up till sun-up . . . but you're such a *mousy* creature . . . somehow you just stay at home and read those fabulously Deep Books, etc. A few of these," said Miss F., "doled out at suitably spaced intervals and you can call the waiter to carry out the body!"

And then, after I'd scuttled, a little rabbit, into one warren after another, asking my shameless questions, receiving my shameless answers, the girls all emerged, as at a given signal, from their portable dressing rooms and we had a dish of tea together, and it was admitted that women have their little mannerisms, their little ways and tricks with other women, too.

Their stock phrases, such as "Hulloa, how ARE you? Where have you BEEN?" . . . which they gush at you with about as much interest in their eyes as the lack-lustre stare of a mummy . . . and "Where did you get that divine HAT!" (aside—"it stinks!")—and "wasn't that a di-vine party, you were there, of course!" . . . (when she knows you weren't!) And we admitted our little trick of pretending not to see people when we don't want to see them because we're not looking our best . . . and how, when we are wearing some new, extreme outfit for the first time, and make 59 trips to the Ladies' Room and back, quite unnecessarily, we always say "Oh, *this* . . . had it for ages . . ." and the price tag still on!

Now the rabbits are taken out of our hats, the cards have fallen, face-up, from our sleeves, you all know how that goldfish bowl was materialized and how many poor fish are in it, and how they got there. Exposed is our chicanery of charm and glamour, our wiles, feints, baited traps, false colors, stratagems, decoys . . .

"Ah," you must sigh, "that deceit should steal such gentle shapes." Yes, boys, now you know . . . and if there be any Gratitude in Men I will be the recipient of a princely pension which I will forthwith distribute, share and share alike, among the Bevy . . . Norma, Joan C., Joan F., Roz, Phyllis, Florence and Mary, all of whom so willingly aided and abetted me in the playing of this scurvy trick!

Reviews

[Continued from page 50]

in real life is Eddie Anderson, does two dance routines that practically have you rolling in the aisles, and scores solidly in every scene he has. In the story, Jack plays an American musical show producer who is trying to put on a musical in London. He is so gentle and respectable that the girls all avoid him as a bore—even his leading lady, Dorothy Lamour, prefers Phil Harris—and this is giving him quite an inferiority complex. In an effort to make Dorothy jealous he encourages a flirtation with Binnie Barnes, who turns out to be Lady So and So, the wife of Lord So and So, and then we suddenly find ourselves in the midst of a French farce. Edward Arnold and Monty Woolley play jealous husbands who are eager to shoot Jack on sight—thus necessitating Jack jumping into tights and joining in an acrobat number, a high spot of the picture. Dorothy sings "Strange Enchantment," and the shapely Betty Grable is grand in a specialty dance.

THE SUN NEVER SETS

FAR-FETCHED MELODRAMA—*Universal*

WITH a title like that it just has to be about the British Empire, an Englishman's love of his country, and his duty to "the service." And that's it to a dot. The story's about the Randolphs who have been sacrificing themselves for years on England's outposts of civilization, when suddenly one day the youngest Randolph, played by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., rebels. He won't, he won't, he won't—but he does, and eventually turns out to be the bravest of all Randolphs. The locale is a mosquito ridden British colony on the African Gold Coast, and it is here that a power-mad scientist who, operating from a hidden radio station, is trying to terrorize the nations into a world-war so that he may become a Dictator. It's rather far-fetched, but awfully exciting at times, particularly when Doug Jr., discovers the secret radio station and tips off his brother, who arrives with the bombs. Basil Rathbone plays the heroic Randolph and Barbara O'Neil is his lovely wife who sacrifices her baby "to the service." Lionel Atwill plays the scientist with Hitler ideas, and Melville Cooper stands out as a British officer who regrets that he has but one liver to give his country. Virginia Field is Doug Jr.'s bride, and C. Aubrey Smith is proud old Grandfather Randolph.

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU

WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MURDER?—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

IT could happen to you, and it really could. Stu Erwin and Gloria Stuart play a nice average young couple who are trying their best to get along on a budget. Stu is in the advertising business, but on account he is a good guy, and not very quick on the wit, all his ideas are being stolen by Douglas Fowley to promote himself with the Boss. Egged on by his wife Stu goes to a party his Boss gives, and arrives home in the cold grey dawn slightly plastered—only to discover a dead woman tucked away in the back

WHAT IS *YOUR SMILE* LIKE?



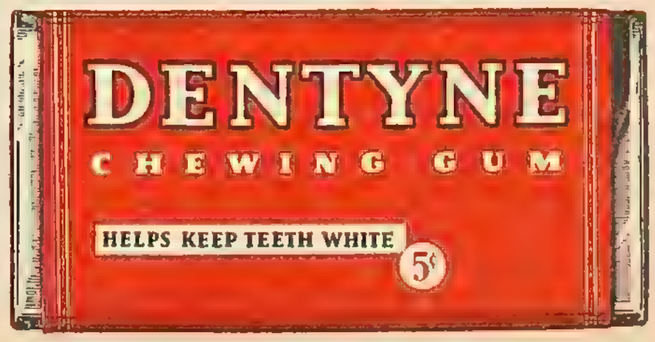
George Nicholls, Jr., Director of the Republic Picture "Man of Conquest" calls this the "two-dimple smile" —but its charm would be lost without lustrous teeth!

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP YOUR SMILE BRIGHTER

Dimples or no dimples, *your* smile is handsomer when you let Dentyne help keep your teeth brighter, more lustrous! Dentyne is the chewier gum recommended by so many dentists—it gives teeth healthful exercise not provided by modern soft foods—helps keep teeth clean and polished too! Chew Dentyne daily for healthier mouth, brighter teeth!

DENTYNE'S SPICY FLAVOR IS A WINNER!

You can't help being won by Dentyne's temptingly spicy taste! A flavor straight from the fragrant spice-groves of the Orient. Rich—long-lasting—delicious! You'll like Dentyne's unique, flat package too—slips so smoothly into pocket or purse. Just *try* Dentyne!



LOVABLE LIPS



are

free

from

LIPSTICK

PARCHING

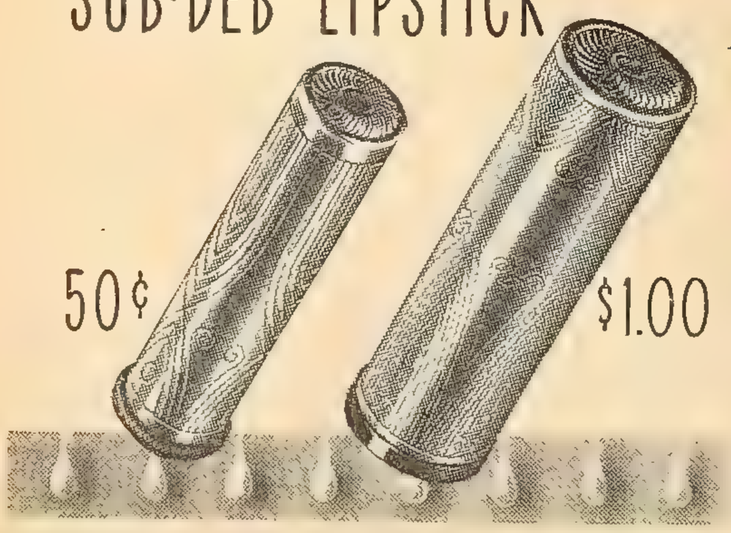
• If you want lips of siren smoothness—choose your lipstick wisely!

Coty "Sub-Deb" does *double duty*. It gives your lips ardent color. But—it also helps to protect lips from lipstick parching. It helps lips to look moist and lustrous.

This Coty benefit is partly due to "Theobroma." Eight drops of this softening ingredient go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. In seven fashion-setting shades; 50¢ or $1.00. "*Air-Spun*" *Rouge* in matching shades, 50¢.

COTY

SUB-DEB LIPSTICK



Eight drops of "Theobroma" go into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. That's how Coty guards against lipstick parching.

seat of his car. He is promptly accused of murder, and the Boss is about to give him the brush-off, when the little wife steps in and clears everything up in a jiffy. Neat but not gaudy, and you'll probably like it.

FIVE CAME BACK

JUNGLE THRILLS—*R-K-O*

HERE'S one of those rare, exciting, adventure tales that will keep you glued to your seat. It has to do with the plight of twelve people bound for Panama by an airliner which, knocked about by storm and motor trouble, makes a forced landing in the jungles of Central America. The passengers exist three weeks in the tropical jungles, constantly stalked by savages, until the plane is repaired—and then it is discovered that only five can leave! How they go about deciding who the five shall be makes for very thrilling melodrama. Chester Morris is the able pilot of the plane with Kent Taylor as his forceful co-pilot. Among the passengers are: Wendy Barrie, eloping with Patric Knowles, a famous playboy; Lucille Ball, an adventuress; Joseph Calleia, a murderer who is being taken to South America for trial by police deputy John Carradine; Allen Jenkins, the guardian of Casey Johnson, a gangster's child; and an elderly professor and his wife, C. Aubrey Smith and Elizabeth Risdon.

SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES

SHIRLEY AND THE INDIANS

Twentieth Century-Fox

THE locale of the newest Shirley Temple picture is the towering snow-topped mountains of the Canadian frontier. Shirley plays a little orphan girl, left in the wake of an Indian raid, who is adopted by Randolph Scott and J. Farrell MacDonald and the entire Canadian Mounted Police. It seems that the Indians, under Big Chief Maurice Moscovich, have been incited by Victor Jory to fight the White Man, who is pushing through their wilderness with the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and they are just about to burn Randy Scott at the stake in revenge when Shirley comes in and rescues him. Of special interest is the fact that for the first time in this picture America's Number 1 Box Office sweetheart has herself a boy friend. He is Martin Good Rider, the little Chief of the Blackfeet Indians, and he pushes Shirley around something awful, calling her papoose and squaw and forcing her to smoke a peace pipe with him, which makes our little princess plenty sick. Margaret Lockwood, a very pretty British actress, makes her American debut in this picture and plays Randy's girl.

STRONGER THAN DESIRE

WELL DIRECTED—*M-G-M*

LESLIE FENTON'S coming right along as a director and some of the big shots could certainly afford to take lessons from him now. His new film (a remake of "Evelyn Prentiss") is about a brilliant young lawyer, Walter Pidgeon, who becomes so involved in legal matters that he neglects his wife, Virginia Bruce. Out of pique, Virginia plays around a bit and gets herself entangled with a ruthless blackmailer, Lee Bowman. Virginia's harmless flirtation leads to a shooting, and believing that she is guilty of murder she goes to her husband to defend her. There's a marvelous courtroom scene with Virginia and Ann Dvorak (Mrs. Leslie Fenton), who plays the blackmailer's faithful wife, vying with each other for dramatic honors. Stand-outs in the cast are Ferike Boros (remember her laughing scene with Irene Dunne in "Love Affair"?), little Ann Todd, and Ilka Chase of the New York stage. You won't be bored.

GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS

GAY AND REFRESHING—*Columbia*

AND while the good girls are going to Paris this is a very gay little picture for you to go to these hot summer nights. It's fast and breezy and it won't call for any mental strain. That delightful comedy team of Joan Blondell and Melvyn Douglas are up and at it again and that's fun in any language. Melvyn plays a rather stodgy English professor who is giving a dull course in the classics at Brand University. Joan plays a waitress in the campus tea room who has notions of compromising a wealthy college boy and living happily ever afterwards in Paris on the blackmail check. Professor Douglas feels that it is his duty to persuade Joan that the golden rule is best and that she can be a good girl and go to Paris, too. Complications follow fast and furiously when Joan finds herself in the wealthy Olaf Brand's (Walter Connolly) home and acting as a maid of honor at his daughter's wedding with the nice professor—but the wedding doesn't get beyond the rehearsal stage, I assure you. Joan's "past" catches up with her, and before the final fade out she has been proposed to by every man in the cast, including the professor himself. Walter Connolly is elegant as a pampered millionaire and his scenes with Joan are high spots in the picture. Joan Perry plays his granddaughter, Alan Curtis his grandson, Isabel Jeans his flutter-brain daughter-in-law, and Alexander D'Arcy her boy friend.

YOUNG MR. LINCOLN

FLAWLESS—*Twentieth Century-Fox*

HERE is a sincere, dignified, moving, interesting and always entertaining study of the early career of Abraham Lincoln. It takes up Lincoln's life when he is a young man, right after his gentle and touching romance with the lovely Ann Rutledge, who becomes the inspiration for his entrance into politics, and ends with his defense of the Clay boys in the famous murder trial where he used an almanac to trip the murderer. Most of the picture concerns itself with this trial, which is unobtrusively documentary, and presents Mr. Lincoln as being a very kind-hearted and amusing young man. Henry Fonda plays the young Lincoln, and seems perfection itself in both character and make-up. The picture is his personal triumph and Hollywood is betting dollars to doughnuts that he'll win the next Academy Award. As runnerup in topnotch performances in this picture we have Alice Brady nearly breaking your heart with her portrayal of the inarticulate, grief-stricken mother of the two boys who are being tried for murder, Richard Cromwell and Eddie Quillan. Stand-outs in the trial scene are Spencer Charters as the judge, Donald Meek as a lawyer, and Ward Bond as a bully. Marjorie Weaver

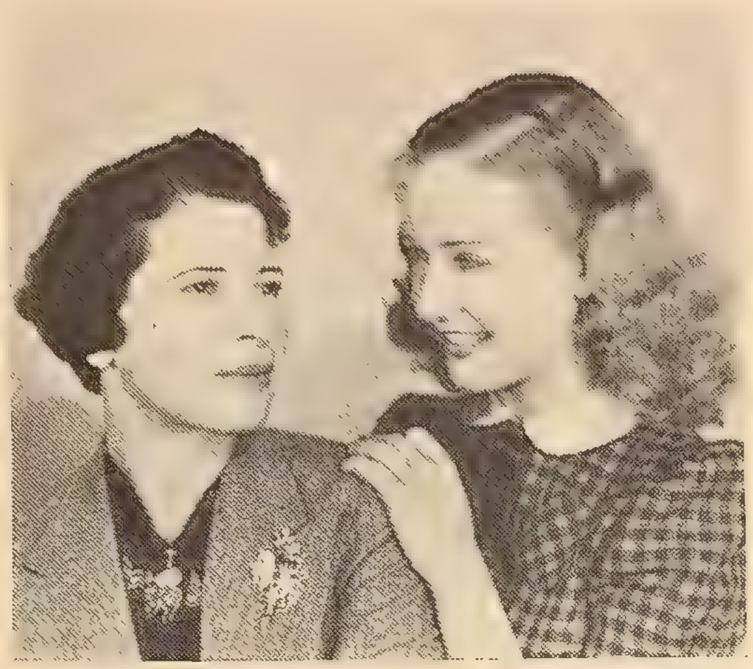
[*Continued on page 76*]

Return to Beauty

[Continued from page 17]

toward dryness and promote sensitiveness in skin.

Now let's be glamorous instead of practical. For there will be moments when you long to be fair again and simply can't be patient for nature to run its course. Then a foundation is your answer. "Foundation is a build-up," says Perc Westmore, and I consider that no one knows more of make-up art than Mr. Westmore, who has glamorized the faces of practically all Hollywood. You can build up from the right foundation, says Mr. Westmore, artfully and beautifully almost any skin tone you want. It is this foundation that sets your skin tone, plus a complementing face powder. There are the House of Westmore products, cleansing cream, foundation cream, face powder, lipstick and rouge, all created with perfect color harmony in mind and a screen-professional knowledge of what color really means on your face. Though all the preparations get a big o. k. from this department, I'll linger on the Foundation Cream, because it can do so much for you. It should be patted—the Hollywood method of using foundation—over face and neck, then make-up applied. Now you can build up or down the tone of your skin, as you wish. You will not appear made-up with this cream, but you will appear to have lovely skin texture and tone—depth, clarity and smoothness. Of course it is time insurance for your



Bonita Granville and her mother are inseparable companions.

make-up. You can rest, for hours, assured you have kept that fresh, "just done" look. This Foundation Cream is really something!

Now in case you are fortunate and your tan is lovely as is, there are two tones in Tangee face powder you will probably find very flattering. One is the new Dark Rachel, brimming with life, and the restyled Tan. Both employ that magic of the Tangee beauty aids of adapting themselves to your own coloring. There is that faint, radiant undertone in each that both vitalizes and dramatizes darker beauty. This is lovely powder, too, in texture and scent, and adheres so faithfully that it seems really your skin.

"A deeply tanned skin makes eyes appear smaller," sagely remarks Kay Francis. Very true. The way to overcome this, thinks Miss Francis, is to use darker eye make-up. She likes a dark blue shadow and mascara. The use of blue mascara is spreading widely, and for a good reason, I think. It gives darker accent to lashes but also gives them a very soft look. You will find a beautiful blue in such fine brands as Kurlash, Maybelline, Winx, etc. Contrary to this viewpoint, however, a color expert recently remarked, "When in doubt, use black. Black contains every color, and is, therefore, sure to be a good accent." So take your choice, readers.

Two things you will need with a Summer tinted skin—a very red lipstick and matching rouge. You must discard your fuchsia or your too blue-red now. You need brilliant accent, and you will find a shade in Rejuvia Flame-Glow lipsticks to give you just this. I have asked a large number of girls with pretty lips: "What lipstick do you use?" A surprising number have answered, "Flame-Glow." This stick is priced for a song. It does not smudge or rub off, and is a good consistency—not too soft or too hard.

If you are like Glenda Farrell, who remarked to me, "I love to buy cosmetics. I buy all kinds of things, and some of my favorites are very popular brands," then you may like some of the preparations mentioned. We do, very, very much.



IF YOU'RE ASHAMED OF YOUR SKINNY FIGURE LISTEN...

Posed by professional model

HOW THOUSANDS OF THIN, TIRED, NERVOUS PEOPLE

GAIN NEW POUNDS, NEW STRENGTH *Quick!*

HERE'S grand news for many of the thousands of thin, tired-looking, jittery, discouraged girls who have never seemed able to add an ounce, and seldom attract friends and have the good times they deserve.

For thousands of other girls have easily put on 10 to 25 pounds of naturally attractive flesh—have gained wonderfully improved health and pep and, with these, many new friends and enviable social success—by simply taking these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets for a few weeks.

Why they build up so quick

The reason is easily understood. You see, scientists have discovered that great numbers of people today are thin and rundown, tired and nervous—often unable to eat or sleep properly — only because they don't get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing substances in these scientifically prepared, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. So it's easy to see why they have helped so many skinny, washed-out people quickly to gain new, much more attractive pounds, new pep and enjoyment in life.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep — if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you normally attractive flesh, new energy, the price of this first package promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some cheap, inferior substitute which does not give the same results. Look for IY stamped on each tablet.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, here's a special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets, cut out seal on box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with first package—or money refunded. All druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 269, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR. See your local newspaper for exact time and station.



LUXOR

"Feather-Cling"

The face powder with a light touch!

A heavily overpowdered face has no charm for the stag-line. Why not use Luxor "Feather-Cling," the face powder with a light touch? Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly for hours. Choice of shades? All five of the season's smartest! Each 55¢. Rose Rachel is very popular.



So You're Having Your Picture Taken?

[Continued from page 43]

About the pose and camera angles.

Your own photographer will have competent ideas along these lines but the best of us can learn and the gentlemen who are talking to us are masters of their art. Listen then to Robert Coburn, whom Merle Oberon tried to coax back to England with her. "Be natural!" is his advice. "Be yourself! Forget about the camera and have a good time. Proper frame of mind is of greater importance than proper make-up."

Eugene Robert Richee says: "Pictures are only good when the subject is thinking. Use your imagination to take you our of the portrait studio while you are being photographed." He advises studying a pose or two in the mirror. "Notice that a hand is much more beautiful when curved and the edge to the camera than a flat hand, straight on. If it's a full-length picture, watch your feet. Ankles are usually better together. Point the toe of the foot nearest the camera at a 45° angle into the camera. This cuts down a big foot. Always bend the knee of the leg nearest the camera, almost never stand straight in the camera. Turn your body to almost a 45° angle. This cuts down the size of the hips."

Elmer Fryer has several words about eyes in the pose. "You cannot censor the look in your eye. By that I mean—the camera will portray exactly what you are thinking. It is the thought in your mind that is really shown—so think happy thoughts—talk about happy subjects."

Referring to Ann Sheridan and Lya Lys, Fryer goes on to say: "When we want a good 'oomph' picture, we photographers try to get 'oomph' thoughts in the minds of our subjects—the camera does the rest."

Clarence Sinclair Bull says: "The photographer won't bite you. . . ." Knowing this you are probably much more at ease now and hence, being unafraid, be casual before the lens and avoid set grins.

Whitey Schafer suggests a couple of camera angles to your local man. For the thin face—have the camera set at a low angle, shooting slightly up at you. For the full face—the camera should aim down—apparently diminishing lines and lengthening the face. This is just the thing for a snub nose.

Schafer has another trick that your photographer can use. Let him take cold cream and draw a line down the bridge of your nose to give it highlighted molding. Another touch of the shiny stuff on the upper surface of the chin and a very slight bit on the crest of each cheek. Look at any glamorous Hollywood portrait and note how the highlights contribute to its striking effect. Cold cream smears do it! The position of the studio lights is very important in connection with this and the keylight (or most powerful light used), should be placed rather high, no matter what the facial type of the subject—this to obtain when using cold cream. This gentleman's parting shot: "Never have your shoulder squared to the camera. Nothing is stiffer and it makes the head look too small. Have one shoulder more or less to the camera, and your head slightly turned to look over it."

Barbara Read and Linda Hayes presented two photographic problems to RKO's Ernest Bachrach. "Barbara," he said, "came into the portrait gallery one afternoon when she wasn't needed on the set of 'The Spellbinder' in which she is Lee Tracy's leading lady. She has very regular, small, well-shaped features, but her face is absolutely round! For this reason, the best photographs were those showing a three-quarter profile, with the light concentrated on the forehead and chin, and the cheek toward the camera shadowed.

"Linda Hayes is a screen newcomer who arrived in Hollywood by way of Jesse Lasky's 'Gateway To Hollywood' contest. Her face is angular, with high cheekbones, square jaw, strong chin and short straight nose. The light was played on one side of her face, the other side softly shadowed. Her eyes are deepset, and, to capture their full beauty, she looked straight into the camera and tilted her head slightly forward so that she had to look up into the lens. But don't try this if your nose is long or your eyes unusually large."

That seems to take care of the specific items—such as make-up, *coiffure* and the rest. But there are many important suggestions that don't come under any of these headings but which are too noteworthy to be overlooked.

Such as Robert Coburn's advice to people who consider themselves bad subjects. To them he says, "Try being photographed in informal surroundings. In your garden or in your favorite room. Have 'action' photographs made by a good 'candid cameraman' showing you at your favorite pursuit. These protographs are extremely smart at present and offer much less serious difficulties than posed photos."

He also advises more than one visit to the photographer. It gives them a chance to study you for your best pose. It gives them a chance to know you better. Schuyler Crail agrees with Coburn and points to Paul Muni as a sterling example of the type who gives the man behind the camera a chance to know the person in front of it whom he is supposed to put neatly into it—if you follow.

"When we take Paul Muni's picture," he began, "he comes in and sits with us for an hour or more and we talk about anything that comes into our minds. Gradually we get around to an informal discussion of the pictures we plan to take. We discuss the purpose of the picture, the feeling it should express or the occasion for its being taken.

"Then, when we are completely acquainted with each other and know what we want to bring out in the picture, Muni leaves. A day or two later he comes in again and we try out different poses informally. We laugh and discuss the good and bad poses. In other words, taking

the final picture becomes just an ordinary, every-day affair.

"A day or two after our informal rehearsal, Muni comes to the studio and it is a cinch. We know each other and know what is expected in the picture. It goes over easily and without stiffness."

Bill Crosby reports on the lighting situation as he has found it. "In hundreds of sittings of both motion picture stars and non-professional people, I have found that a soft front lighting is to be greatly preferred for feminine allure. Men look their best, however, with rather harsh lightings."

Another general gem of advice comes from Ernest Bachrach, who thinks that the picture should be modelled along the lines of—"To whom are you giving it?" The soft, sweet, smiling one for mother and dad; the flattering one that caught the mischievous gleam in your eye, the provocative curve of your mouth—that's for Jimmy, *the* boy; then there's the straightforward, serious one with the wholesome, intelligent look about it—sure to get you that job. . . ."

And now let's summarize with *Dont's* and *Do's*.

Don't go straight from the hairdresser's to the studio.

Don't wear a hat. Hats date pictures.

Don't wear much or any powder, eyeshadow or rouge.

Don't bring your family to the studio with you.

Don't think about the camera.

Don't try to be Garbo or anyone except yourself.

Don't go to the studio dressed like a plush horse.

Don't boss your photographer. Discuss this article with him.

Don't confuse the photographer with the dentist.

Don't say, "I'd rather have a tooth pulled. . . ."

Don't expect to get a good picture cheaply.

Don't spend more on the frame than on the picture—make it the other way 'round.

Don't let the retoucher take all of the lines out of your face—*they're* your personality!

Don't kid yourself—the camera won't.

Don't square your shoulders to the camera. Have one shoulder more or less to it—your head slightly turned to look over it.

If you do the opposite of most of the preceding *Dont's* you'll automatically do the correct *Do's*—but there are a few which should be emphasized.

Do be natural before the camera.

Do treat your local photographer as the friendly, intelligent gentleman that he is.

Do what he tells you to.

Do take your time in the studio.

To further summarize. If your face is thin, wear your hair close to your head. Part it to one side. Have the camera shooting slightly *up* at you.

If your face is round, have a soft, full hair-do. Let it shadow the sides of the face. Have the camera shooting slightly *down* on you.



Paramount's Ellen Drew is one beauty contest winner who has actually become an excellent actress.

Eyeshadow on the jawline will slim a full face. Cold cream will produce highlights.

Clothes should be simple. No plaids, no gay prints. Evening clothes are up to you—you may or you may not. Light clothes for the young, darker ones for the more elderly. Men should dress simply and not go directly from haircut to studio. They should realize that it isn't smart any longer to pretend that it's sissified to have their pictures taken. The old pose, for either men or women, about hating to have a picture taken, is, definitely, from Dixie.

Save this article and when you go to your next sitting take it with you and discuss it with your own man. Many of us are still having our pictures taken by Mr. Pike who snapped us when we were babes—making Mr. Pike and his kind not dissimilar to the family doctor.

Photographers all over the country today have the finest equipment and the newest ideas. The best work of the best men is available to the smallest town's practitioner—who studies it constantly with a view toward self-improvement or of bettering it. But like all cameramen they face one of the toughest tasks known to professional men—taking *your* picture. If you will only co-operate with them you will not only help them but yourself.

Don't watch the birdie—watch yourself.

"B-ettes are the most comfortable protection I have ever used"

*



Internal Sanitary Protection

No Odor, Belts, Pads or Pins

Mrs. D— was told about B-ettes by a friend at a bridge party. She tried them. Now she'd never go back to old ways. She's delighted with the perfect freedom from belts, pads and pins — no bulge, no chafing—and above all, with the complete relief from *odor worry* that B-ettes give her.

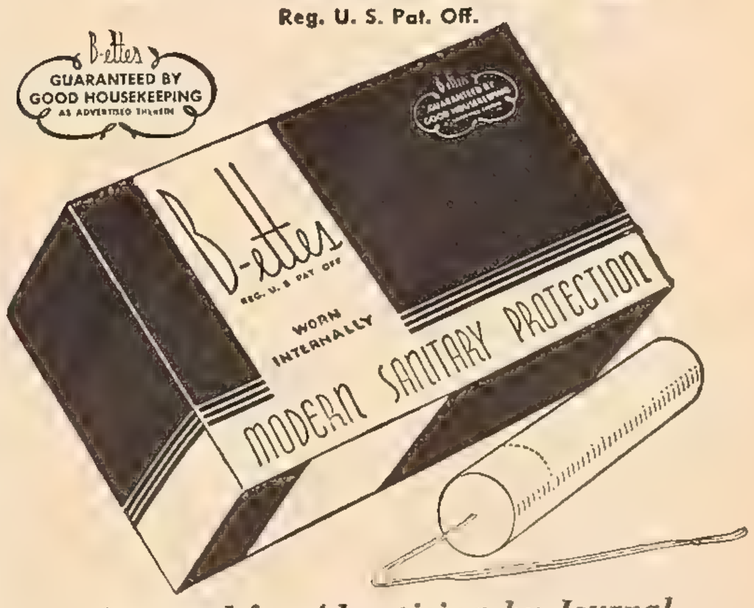
Try B-ettes next time — buy a package at any drug or department store now and have it on hand. Just as economical as old ways—12 for 25¢, purse package of 4 for 10¢. Say "Bee-etts". Mail coupon below today for trial package.

**Based on letter in our files.*

Average Month's Supply 25¢

B-ettes

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Accepted for Advertising by Journal of American Medical Association

THE B-ETTES CORPORATION
155 East 44th Street, New York

Enclosed is 10¢ for which please send me trial package of 4 B-ettes, with full information.

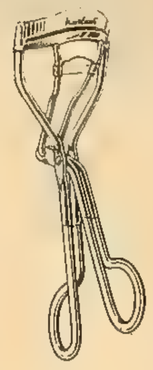
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ SS-9

WHAT MAKES HER EYES SO BIG . . . SO BRIGHT?



Bright girl uses KURLASH of course . . . clever device that curls up the eyelashes in a half-minute jiffy—minus heat, cosmetics or practice! Gives glorious, bright-eyed, wide-eyed look because Kurlash turns lashes back from the eyes —lets more light shine in! $1.00



Important P.S. Use KURLENE, beneficial oily cream with KURLASH for glamorous results. Apply to your eyebrows and lashes—remember that a little bit on your eyelids gives that dewy look! $.50



Free . . . Chart analysis of your eyes and how to make the most of them. Write Jane Heath, Dept. C-9. Give color of your hair, eyes and skin.

KURLASH

The Only Complete Eye-Beauty Line
THE KURLASH COMPANY, INC.
Rochester, N. Y. • Canada, Toronto, 3
Copyright, 1939, The Kurlash Co., Inc.

MAKE MONEY AT HOME!
Learn to color photos and miniatures in oil. No previous experience needed. Good demand. Send for free booklet, "Make Money at Home" and requirements.
NATIONAL ART SCHOOL
3601 Michigan Ave. Dept. 4436 Chicago

. . AND I USED TO BE SUCH A SAUSAGE IN THIS DRESS



Look at the Fat I've Lost!

Now you can slim down your face and figure without strict dieting or back-breaking exercises. Just eat sensibly and take 4 Marmola Tablets a day, according to the directions.

Marmola Tablets have been sold to the public for more than thirty years. More than twenty million boxes have been distributed during that period.

Marmola is not intended as a cure-all for all ailments. This advertisement is intended only for fat persons who are normal and healthy otherwise and whose fatness is caused by a reduction in the secretion from the thyroid gland (hypo-thyroidism) with accompanying subnormal metabolic rates. No other representation is made as to this treatment except under these conditions and according to the dosage as recommended.

We do not make any diagnosis as that is the function of your physician, who must be consulted for that purpose. The formula is included in every package. Start with Marmola today and win the slender lovely figure that is rightfully yours.

Is Errol Flynn Just Plain Lucky?

[Continued from page 45]

dog Drummond' I was the chief villain. I took hours preparing on opening night. That is, I spent hours cutting up bristles from a brush for a mustache, and I put a running ulcer on my face, and I emerged such a terrifying strangler that our producer practically fainted. He ordered me to scrub off six pounds of make-up before I stepped onto his stage!

"I did terrible things on-stage some nights," he confessed with a grin. "I was reading Russian books on the fine art of acting, so I tried playing the audience as a fourth wall. I would pretend there was a fire in a non-existent fireplace in the footlights and, turning my back, I'd warm myself expressively.

"Audiences scared me, of course. And I wasn't at all cocky. I was very humble, very anxious to make good in the theatre. I really studied every possible thing that would make me improve.

"I had a year of that repertoire, of doing a different play each week. It was a rigid regime, for we gave two shows a night. We rehearsed daytimes and we were at the theatre from 6:30 to 11:30 every evening. Imagine doing 'Othello' twice a night! One night, after I'd been there about six months, an old crippled woman came to the stage door to tell me how much pleasure she received from the plays. I never forgot that.

"I had a picturesque room in a picturesque old house in that little town." He knew, he conceded when I commented upon the reminiscent expression he betrayed, a picturesque beauty who seemed to like him! But after a year's steady grind he felt he was getting stale. Some of the actors had lived there for a dozen years. Their families were the first citizens. But Errol hankered to progress to London. He contacted a producer who was putting on a repertoire tour and rehearsing at the celebrated Old Vic Theatre. Errol got two lines to spout, as a Communistic crab-fisherman, in one of the comedies. It was an arty presentation, alternating John Drinkwater and George Bernard Shaw dramas, too. They toured for six weeks in the country with their six plays, and then toured in Scotland. When they came to London's West End, the mecca of all British theatrical people, they were convinced they were in for a long run. Errol's first opening night in the West End was an occasion, naturally, so he spent two weeks' salary on a grand party. The shows died with appalling swiftness. He had to dig into his shrinking gold reserve. But before it evaporated he secured two bit roles in two plays running simultaneously, a demonstration of his earnestness. He can don Warners' expensive costume wardrobes leisurely now, as befits a movie star. But then he portrayed a Roman soldier and dashed out for a taxi for the other theatre, whipping off his armour as he ran for the stage door and wiping make-up off his knees as he entered for the second act at the second theatre!

Those bits came to an end, and he was out of a job for a couple of months. No one beckoned him in, no critics encouraged him by dropping paragraphs about him into their columns. If he had a future he alone suspected it.

When nothing else turned up Errol landed an interesting character part at a minor playhouse that was nearly in the select West End neighborhood. He had only played a straight romantic role once, so he was at home when they stuck a bald wig on him. But here is the astonishing pay-off!

"One night a Warner scout offered me the lead in one of Warners' British-made pictures. I had given up the notion of pictures because it was a traditional thing for stage people to despise the screen, and I had learned to love the theatre." But the money wasn't to be ignored, especially after the recent draught he'd gone through, so Errol accepted the bid. Before the film was shown he was on his way to Hollywood, the rushes being that excellent.

On the boat bound for New York he met Lili Damita, and so he found sudden romance along with unexpected fame.

But Hollywood success wasn't the extraordinary joy you might suppose.

"I was so close to leaving Hollywood during my first year. I had plans to leave worked out in my own mind so many different times, because I had been very happy when I was a nobody and with so-called 'success' there was a distinct change for the worse! I had always followed my own ideas. When I began doing picture after picture in Hollywood I discovered something that bowled me over. Instead of many new friends, I discovered I had a thousand enemies. Everyone, according to Hollywood legend, is expected to alter when the halo of glamour is tossed on. Well, when you are accused of anything very often you begin to think of the accusation.

"I was forced to do things far opposed to my own nature. When I was sent to New York for publicity I was pushed around by strange folks and I could see no reason why I should take them all to my heart. I found I no longer had any control over myself.

"It's simmered down, the weird hullabaloo, but what still kills me is that I used to get all my fun spontaneously bumming around wherever I wished to go. All that's impossible now. I have to live up to my 'heroic reputation.' I tried going to Catalina not long ago, but it was the toot that failed because while I'm in pictures I must be a male version of Caesar's wife!

"But listen, luck!" exclaimed Errol, "don't desert me. You can draw your own conclusions as to whether luck counts, but I, myself, feel that I'm *so* lucky. The only thing I can claim credit for is that one year of hard work in that repertoire company. If I'd stayed on the stage I could only have earned a bare living, year after year. But thanks to my swell luck, here I am!"

Errol Flynn a swaggering guy who gulps dares before breakfast? Maybe. Yet this manner in which he answered my question discloses another Errol. I like him better.

That Gay Southern Gal!

[Continued from page 47]

ternational, remembering too too well the tragic repercussions that followed the overwhelming publicity campaign which preceded the American debut of Simone Simon, clamped down on the adjective slinging—and rightly too. And (2) with the longest working schedule of any picture (six months to be exact), with seventy-four changes of costume and one hundred and four different sets, with script changes and locations and technicolor the Leigh girl has been far too busy to give a message to her public. And (3) she just isn't the space grabbing sort. So you can well imagine my surprise.

My meeting with Vivien Leigh came about through a mutual friend. At a party one night I found myself seated next to George Cukor, one of the best directors in Hollywood, and certainly the one with the keenest humor. We were talking about gay people who had a glorious sense of appreciation and he said you ought to know Vivien Leigh, and I said yes I would like to know Vivien Leigh, and thought no more about it because people have been telling me for years that I ought to know somebody or other. But it seems that when George decides you ought to know somebody, you know her, bans be damned. So he called her and she called me and I had lunch with Vivien Leigh. Maybe I should have stuck to my poetry.

Ever since that first meeting I have been pleasantly insane on the subject of Vivien Leigh. People are now saying, "Don't invite Liza. She'll only drool over Vivien Leigh." They are jealous, I say, jealous buzzards.

Vivien, I discovered to my great joy, is sophistication in its most delightful sense. One minute she has the sweet face of an agreeable child, and the next minute those eyes of hers with the upward slant dance quite naughtily and you know that she's a modern and alert young woman. She has a tremendous poise that even Irene Dunne might envy, and so much a part of her is this poise that she loses it only on rare occasions when she becomes magnificently angry. When most women become angry they look perfectly horrid, sort of a cross between a Medusa and a Marie de Medici, but when Vivien goes into a fury she becomes breathlessly beautiful. Her eyes open wide and turn a glorious green. Her cute little nose quivers majestically. She usually finishes up in a good cry.

With all her quiet poise, her great charm, and her delicious sophistication you might think that Vivien would be utterly incapable of reacting to simple things. But that's where you're dead wrong. There isn't a touch of the blasé about her. Vivien will thrill with pleasure over something so simple that you and I wouldn't even notice it. A smile of encouragement will make her glow all over. And give her the smallest, most casual sort of compliment and she immediately makes you feel that you have given her nothing less than Queen Elizabeth's pearl necklace, with a little something from Cartier's on the side. This, I think, is the secret of Vivien Leigh's fascination.

But it was her sense of humor that completely won me over. What a surprise that was. I have always been brought up to believe that the English had no sense of humor—that if you told them an amusing story it would take them at least three days to see the point. In fact I have a whole slue of English jokes about Algy and Bertie that have that idea for a tag line. I simply accepted the fact that all the Scotch were stingy and all the British were stodgy. Well, believe me, I've never found a quicker wit than Vivien Leigh's, and I've been specializing on the Robert Benchleys and Dorothy Parkers for years. Three days to catch on, hell! Vivien sees the ludicrous in a situation long before anyone else does, and her quick spontaneous laugh is as exhilarating as a shot in the arm. Her humor, I have decided after several months of friendship, runs the gamut from slap-stick American (and mind you, she's never been in the United States before) to that rather quaint British which so often borders on whimsy.

For instance, the first day I met her she had been doing the scene in "Gone With the Wind" where Scarlett has to push her way among the wounded soldiers at the old depot in Atlanta. Experts have discovered that raspberries make the most natural looking blood in technicolor so the mutilated Confederate soldiers were well smeared with it. "There is so much razz-berry," Vivien said with her quick laugh, "I'm getting nervous."

Her English friends fairly choked, though I didn't move a muscle, when she pulled her George Arliss quip. "Isn't it a pity," said Vivien, "that George Arliss can't play both Stanley and Livingstone in the picture? Then when he meets himself he can say, 'Mr. Arliss, I presume?'" See what I mean about the gamut.

When it comes to gags, low comedy takes over. She's as mad about gags as her two fellow country-men, David Niven and Larry Olivier, and up to the time that Scarlett began to wear her to a frazzle anything could happen. Having noticed that there were a great many pictorial magazines called Look, Life, Pic, Click, etc., Vivien decided that there should be one called Cluck. So she had a dummy magazine made up with a phony cover with Cluck in big glaring letters and a greatly enlarged candid camera shot of one of the more glamorous stars. She slipped the magazine on the table with a lot of legitimate magazines in a scene where the action called for the star to thumb aimlessly through the magazines. The lights went off, the action began and the star thumbed aimlessly—when suddenly she saw her face leering wickedly at her on a cover of Cluck, and what a scream she gave out with.

During those early weeks in Hollywood, before she had to work on Saturday nights and Sundays, Vivien went to quite a few parties, and became famous for her vivacity and her ability to play "The Game." (You know "The Game"—where they act out things.) No matter how difficult the quotations, they never phased Vivien. Her acting knew no bounds. The



French Women Bathed in Strawberries Favorites of Napoleon's court made natural loveliness more entrancing with baths in crushed strawberries.



Glamour Girls Use **DJER-KISS** The intoxicating scent of Djer-Kiss Talc makes the modern girl enchanting, weaves for her a spell of glamour.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss is refreshing, helps you begin the day dainty and cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin . . . you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc *today!*

The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

Imported talc scented with genuine Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff.



DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF

New! Different!
PARK & TILFORD
Perfumed Deodorant

EASY TO USE
NOT GREASY
NOT MESSY
LASTS LONG



Body Odors Disappear
Perfume Fragrance Remains

Amazing!—this new Park & Tilford *Perfumed* Deodorant. It not only preyents body odors—it does even *more*. A delightful perfume fragrance remains! Protects you for a full day—and it's safe even after shaving. 25¢ size at drug and dept. stores. 10¢ size at ten-cent stores. Try this different, *double-acting* deodorant *today!*

PARK & TILFORD, 485 Fifth Ave., New York City
Fine Perfumes for Half a Century

WANT TO **Crash Hollywood?**

Do you believe you could make a success in the movies, on the stage or in radio—if you only had the chance? There are many secrets one should know to help them successfully seek a fascinating career in one of these big paying professions. After many years of experience, we have prepared a new Script-Booklet to guide you to a successful career. This Script-Booklet tells you what you want to know about the Studio, Stage and Radio slang, Screen, Stage and makeup technique, voice, artist's representatives, professional skill and other information to aid you to a successful career, also adding to your enjoyment of the movies, theatre and radio. Simply send your name and address enclosing $1 cash, check or money order (not stamps) and we'll send you this amazing new Script-Booklet prepaid! Money back if not delighted! Be sure to take advantage of this wonderful offer. ACT NOW! Address, LES LESTER STUDIOS, Dept. S-1, 8 W. 18th St., Chicago, Ill.

Your Iron Fairly Glides!

ELASTIC STARCH



This modern way to hot starch offers you advantages worth knowing. Simply add boiling water to dissolved Quick Elastic—no mixing, no cooking, no bother as with lump starch. Ends sticking and scorching. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness.

TRY THIS FREE

THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 783, Keokuk, Iowa.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

.....

.....

way she acted out "I've got you under my skin" is considered the best bit of acting there has been in a Hollywood drawing room in years.

But ever since the heavy production schedule of GWTW swooped down on her there has been nothing but work—work—work for the little Leigh girl. On Sundays, when she doesn't work, she goes to George Cukor's for lunch and a swim in his pool. She swims beautifully and eats heartily. One Sunday afternoon she decided she wanted to picnic at Lake Arrowhead so she gathered a few friends in her car and started out Valley Boulevard to see the muchly tooted California scenery. But she hadn't gone far when she was nabbed by the long arm of the California highway patrol, and I regret to say that Scarlett O'Hara could not talk herself out of a ticket. "California motor officers are a fine people and a credit to California," said Vivien, who refuses to bear a grudge.

For a girl often described as one of the most glamorous actresses in England Vivien doesn't seem to bother in the least about being glamorous. In fact, a Hollywood Glamour Girl is the last thing she wants to be. She never wears a hat. Her hair, quite lovely, never has that "just been done" look about it. She never uses rouge and she never pencils her eyebrows—she's just about the only actress on the screen who has natural eyebrows. She always looks immaculate, though you know quite well that clothes are not of primary importance to her. She looks you straight in the eye when she talks to you. She greets you with a handshake, but it's a very limp handshake. She has more determination than any actress I've ever met, and I've met Bette Davis.

Vivien has been talking with a Southern accent so long now that she is getting hopelessly confused, and in her off-stage conversations with you she'll follow a nicely clipped British word with a pleasantly drawled Southern word. Her hobby at present is candid photography. Someone brought her a forty-nine cent camera from Mexico and she's as pleased with it as a child. She has great curiosity and eagerness about everything American, except night clubs. Those she is perfectly willing to leave to the Brenda Fraziers and the Mimi Bakers and the Bennetts. When she gets up in the mornings at six to be at the studio by seven, and when she stands for hours fitting Scarlett's corset and hoop skirts she longs rather regretfully for the "good old days" when she was playing at Old Vic in London and making twenty pounds a week. She admits that she is dreadfully homesick.

Acting means everything to Vivien. As far back as she can remember she had planned to be an actress. When she was eight years old her parents entered her at the Sacred Heart Convent in London, and it was here that she was given her first chance to act before an audience in a school production of "Midsummer Night's Dream." A classmate of Vivien's was Maureen O'Sullivan and it was Maureen who first discussed the future with the ambitious little Vivien. "What do you want to be when you grow up?" Maureen asked her, and quick like a flash the answer came, "An actress." Ever since, her great determination to succeed and her ability to work tirelessly without dropping in her tracks have carried her steadily to the top. The lucky few who have seen the completed reels of "Gone With the Wind" tell me that when the picture is released next fall Vivien will be acclaimed the greatest dramatic actress on the screen. And with Hollywood groveling at her feet and offering her the U. S. mint she'll probably take a boat for England and appear in a Shakespearean revival for less than peanuts! When it comes to the theatre she's really delightfully mad. Thank goodness.

And it's quite fitting that her boy friend should be Laurence Olivier, one of the best actors on the English-American stage, whose Heathcliffe in Sam Goldwyn's "Wuthering Heights" was recently hailed by every critic in the country. Larry's one of those mad young actors, too, who'd rather act than eat, and very often doesn't eat because he acts. If Hollywood had a few more "teched" people like Larry and Vivien we'd all be much better off.

Reviews

[Continued from page 70]

is in briefly as Mary Todd, and Pauline Moore as Ann Rutledge. Great credit should go to Lamar Trotti for his well nigh perfect script and John Ford for his magnificent direction.

DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS

LAUGHTER AND TEARS—*Warner Brothers*

MOST of the players who rose to glory in "Four Daughters" can be found again in "Daughters Courageous," but this picture is in no way a sequel to the other. There's a new plot entirely and John Garfield, who died so magnificently in "Four Daughters," is quite alive and kicking. The three Lane Girls—Priscilla and Lola and Rosemary—with Gale Page again make up the four daughters, and they have the attractive Fay Bainter for their mother, and Claude Rains for their father. May Robson is again the housekeeper, and Jeffrey Lynn, Frank McHugh and Dick Foran the sisters' suitors. The action takes place at beautiful Carmel, California (the scenery's authentic), where the sisters are spending the summer in Donald Crisp's home. Mr. Crisp is a rich, solid townsman, who is very eager to marry Miss Bainter whose husband walked out on her twenty years before and left her with four daughters to bring up. Miss Bainter and Mr. Crisp are right on the verge of marrying when Claude Rains, the long lost husband, suddenly reappears and casually takes his place at the head of the family. He is given the freeze out at first, but his charm gradually wins his family over until he realizes that the best thing he can do to insure their future happiness is to disappear again. In the meantime, Priscilla has had one of those mad summer romances with the town's bad boy, one Mr. Garfield. The picture has a happy blending of comedy and sentiment which women especially will find very pleasing.

Topics for Gossip

[Continued from page 58]

lines, received a break when Jeanette and Gene stopped and waited agreeably while he covered his assignment.

Another story behind a story is Jeanette's failure—so far—to re-sign a contract with M-G-M. The story goes that Jeanette wants the world with a fence around it in her new contract, but the truth is that Jeanette wants more time for her marriage. Says Jeanette, "I would rather be Mrs. Gene Raymond than have a career. If it came to a choice I would choose marriage. That's how sincerely I feel about it. And that's why I haven't signed the new contract yet. I'm simply holding out for more time to be Mrs. Gene Raymond. I intend to preserve my marriage at any cost."

Of course, we're all for Jeanette and Gene and marriage, and we admire Jeanette for taking that stand—but we'd also like some more of those MacDonald-Eddy singing pictures, please, pretty please.

The Marx Brothers are at work again on the M-G-M lot in "A Day at the Circus," and now no set is safe. They bob up at the most unexpected places. The other day Hedy Lamarr and Bob Taylor were playing a love scene for "Lady of the Tropics." The set was dark, except for the lights on Hedy and Bob, and Hedy whispered, according to her script, "Do you love me?" "I'll tell you later," whispered back Bob, according to his script. "No, no, tell me now," insisted Hedy. Out of the off-stage darkness came a voice, "What a dope. He has Hedy Lamarr in his arms and he can't make up his mind. Hey, let me play the part." Just as everyone suspected, it turned out to be Groucho Marx.

Gene Raymond is one of the busiest young composers in the country. His song, which Jeanette MacDonald introduced with great success while on concert tour this Spring, will be published in the Fall by one of the country's largest music publishing houses, and he is currently collaborating with David Guion, noted cowboy song composer who wrote "Home on the Range." Gene is writing the lyrics to some of Guion's new melodies. Interestng that Raymond's own name is Guion—but they're no relation.

When President Somoza of Nicaragua visited Hollywood recently he asked to meet three of Hollywood's prettiest girls, Joan Bennett, Jeanette MacDonald and Virginia Bruce. When the President and his entourage showed up at the Cocoanut Grove on Paul Draper's opening night the Clyde Lucas orchestra playing the Grove was hard put to find the Nicaraguan national anthem. But when they finally did play it they gave it extra zest to make up for lost time and the President seemed quite pleased. He also seemed quite pleased to get close-ups of such Hollywood celebrities as Dorothy Lamour, Una Merkel, Madge Evans, the Robert Youngs, the Allan Jones, the Jack Bennys and the Dick Powells.



Glamorous footwear . . . designed for you by Jolene, right in Movieland. Styled exactly like the expensive originals seen at Hollywood's famous rendezvous. Exquisite materials, exclusive designs, yet modestly priced. See them today!

$3. to $4.

JOLÉNE Shoes

STYLED IN HOLLYWOOD

TOBER-SAIFER SHOE CO. • ST. LOUIS, MO.

Free! MOVIE STAR SKETCH BOOK

Write for your free copy and name of your nearest Jolene dealer. Jolene's Hollywood Studio B, 6715 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

VICKI BAUM

Famous Author of GRAND HOTEL

Tells How Hollywood Prepares to

ROLL UP ITS SLEEVES AND FIGHT!

THE SOUL OF THE WORLD IS VIBRANT WITH THE CRUSHED HOPES OF THE CENTURIES! MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN INCREASES! A NEW WORLD WAR THREATENS TO PLUNGE THE NATIONS INTO THE MAELSTROM! AMERICA GOES THROUGH A BLOODLESS REVOLUTION! SOCIETY IS CONFUSED IN A BABEL OF ISSUES, PROPAGANDA AND ISMS! PEOPLE WONDER WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT!

HOLLYWOOD, MOVIE CAPITAL OF THE WORLD, CATCHES THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND PREPARES TO GIVE BATTLE FOR HUMAN LIBERTY! IT'S A FINISH FIGHT! NO QUARTER GIVEN; NONE ASKED! IF YOU THINK THE MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY AND THE SCREEN STARS AREN'T PLANNING A TREMENDOUS DRIVE TO BRING TO AMERICA A NEW ERA OF REALISM—YOU'RE IN FOR A SURPRISE!

Read the AMAZING Big Feature

"HOLLYWOOD CHANGES OVERNIGHT"

Says Vicki Baum. Exclusive in the new

SEPTEMBER SCREENLAND 10c

NOW ON SALE



USE MERCOLIZED WAX CREAM to help you obtain a fresher, smoother, lovelier complexion. It flakes off the duller, darker, older superficial skin in tiny, invisible particles. You will be thrilled with the wonderful improvement in your appearance. Try Mercolized Wax Cream today.

Use Phelactine Depilatory

REMOVES superfluous facial hair quickly and easily. Skin appears more attractive.

Try Saxolite Astringent

SAXOLITE Astringent refreshes the skin. Delightfully pleasant to use. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and pat briskly on the skin several times a day.

Sold at all Cosmetic Counters



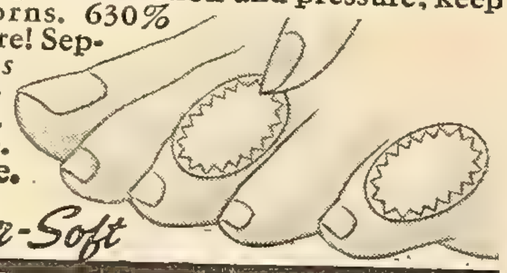
Brush Away **GRAY HAIR** *and* **LOOK 10** *Years Younger*

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint tell-tale streaks of gray to a natural-appearing shade—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 27 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 50c at drug or toilet counters always on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

CORNS SORE TOES

Try This NEW Amazingly Quick Relief!

New *SUPER-SOFT* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain; stop shoe friction and pressure; keep you free of corns. 630% softer than before! Separate *Medications* included for removing corns. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.



NEW *Super-Soft*

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

SONG POEMS WANTED

TO BE SET TO MUSIC

Free Examination. Send Your Poems To

J. CHAS. McNEIL

A. B. MASTER OF MUSIC

510-V So. Alexandria Los Angeles, Calif.



Midget radio fits your pocket or purse. Weighs only 4 ozs. Smaller than cigarette package! Receives stations with clear natural tone. **NO CRYSTALS** to adjust—**NO UPKEEP**—only one moving part. WIRELESS. TUBELESS. BATTERYLESS! **ENTIRELY NEW PATENTED DESIGN.** Has enclosed geared luminous dial for perfect tuning. Many owners report amazing reception and distance.

ONE YEAR GUARANTEE

Sent complete ready to listen with instructions for use in homes, offices, hotels, boats, in bed, etc. **TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT—NO ELECTRICITY NEEDED! SEND NO MONEY!** Pay postman only $2.99 plus postage on arrival or send $2.99 (Check, M.O., Cash) and yours will be sent complete postpaid. A most unusual value. ORDER NOW! **MIDGET RADIO CO., Dept. SC-9, Kearney, Nebr.**

Unmasking the Man in the Iron Mask

[Continued from page 49]

pleased with Hayward's work that he gave him a long-term contract; an optimism that was justified by the loud click Louis made in the role. Louis, incidentally, is a strong "fan" of Robert Donat's.

After "The Duke," Hayward was cast for the important dual role in "The Man In The Iron Mask," and a good commentary on that is the fact that at the preview of the uncut picture for executives (it ran over two hours) all agreed there was never a dull moment.

His marriage to Ida Lupino, too, seemed sudden as his rise to stardom, but in truth it was hardly that. Louis first saw Ida on an English sound stage when she was a youngster of fourteen and took an instant dislike to her. "Who," he asked, "is that brat?"

Loopy, as he calls her, heard about it and not unnaturally didn't like it. On subsequent meetings she definitely froze him. But through mutual friends they met again and again and were gazing soulfully into one another's eyes long before either of them realized it.

Louis Hayward is basically a conservative Briton. Ida was only nineteen when they discovered they were in love. She had been making her own way since she was fourteen. She was an up and coming young actress and Louis felt he, too, still had his mark to make. He didn't want to be Mr. Lupino. His first American role was that of a neurotic type, and Hollywood's tendency to type-casting made it look as though that were the only kind of part he'd get. He didn't want to go on playing in "B" pictures, and decided he wouldn't get married until he knew he wasn't going to do better.

At any rate, they spent a year waiting to see that Loopy really knew her own mind and that Louis was going to do all right. Then, with marriage on their minds, Loopy finished "Artists and Models," and came down with a nervous breakdown. By the time she was herself again, another year had passed and they knew they were ready for wedding bells.

So last Fall, Ida and Louis drove up to Santa Barbara and were quietly married. Before they could get around to a honeymoon Louis was called to play "The Man In The Iron Mask," washing up all honeymoon plans. And when he finished that picture Paramount called Loopy to play a leading role in "The Light That Failed," opposite Ronald Colman. But after she made the tests for the part, the studio weakened and the Haywards were allowed two weeks of honeymoon before work on the picture started. They went to New York to have a quick look at Broadway and the New York World's Fair.

They're tremendously wrapped up in one another; each has given something to the other. Their widely differing backgrounds—Ida, daughter of a famous English music hall artist, spouting Shakespeare at the age of eight, blonde, tempestuous and highly strung, is now golden brown haired and sleekly coiffured. She's no longer the "brat" Hayward typed her at first meeting, but a dynamic and lovely young person with a clear, fair English complexion and blazing blue eyes. And Louis is pleasingly diffident with warm, companionable smile and British accent that's nicely clipped, but far from the affected "hot-potato" Oxford that so many effect. He's naturally tremendously pleased at his success, and anxious to do well in the movie version of Howard Spring's "My Son, My Son." And he probably will, because Hayward has a sound acting experience behind him in contrast to suddenly "built-up" stars, and because he's genuinely interested in his work.

"Naturally, it's nice to make money," he grins. "But I get a real kick out of doing a good part aside from the success or compensation it brings. After my next picture I'd like to do a play; after all, I'm still devoted to the stage. You get something from the footlights that is missing in pictures. I hope to make a picture in England with Loopy. All that will work out in the near future."

He tells, too, an incident in the making of "The Man In The Iron Mask."

"I had just finished playing a scene, wearing the Iron Mask," Louis says. "After one of the takes Mr. Small, the producer, complimented me. 'That was good,' he said. 'You got a wonderful feeling of weariness into that scene.'

"I laughed and thanked him for the compliment, then tossed the Mask at him. He nearly dropped it! The blamed thing weighed what seemed like a ton—who wouldn't be weary!"

Hollywood Race Track Crowd

[Continued from page 64]

training, so he maintained a devastatingly even pace in his races. He'd run the last quarter of a two-mile marathon in approximately the same time as he ran the first quarter. Other horses started faster, but at the end of two miles, "Malicious" would have them at his mercy. The announcer's cry of "Here Comes Malicious" became a shriek of triumph as the crowd picked it up. Only the remarkable "Stagehand" came close to the old horse's popularity and even "Stagehand" was overshadowed by him.

The reason, I think, was simple. "Malicious," the underdog, was a movie script come to life. Better still, he was a four-legged biography of every star in this town, because every star in this town, like "Malicious," came from nowhere to win.

So far as the conduct of racing goes, Hollywood's two big tracks, Santa Anita and Inglewood, are far ahead of racing plants in any section of the country, in size and in patron comforts. Hollywood runs its racing plants as it would run theatres. With this one amendment—the customer is not always right when it comes to picking a winner.

She'll Take Deanna's Place

[Continued from page 62]

with her. And here it is, out of a clear sky. And she's been so sweet to me, you can't *imagine* . . . why, one day I had been working hard and I went to sleep in my dressing room . . . and what do you think? I half woke up and there was Deanna bending over me, tucking a cover around me! I couldn't wait to tell my sister Lois about it . . . Lois is ten and she's my stand-in, you know; I don't know what I'd do without Lois."

". . . oh, and I get *fan* letters, too," Gloria Jean was saying, "I get fan letters *already*, before I've finished a picture. I got one from Massachusetts and one from *Brazil*." When we reached Gloria Jean's dressing-room, there was Deanna, waiting for me, having been a darling and stayed after school to talk with me about Gloria Jean. And it was a pretty sight, I can tell you, to see Gloria Jean go confidingly over to Deanna, stand close to her, to watch Deanna put her arm about the girl, to see Gloria share her ice-cream cup with Deanna, and then Gloria Jean, with that tact which is so incredible in children, said she "thought she heard her mother calling" and left us . . . and Deanna said: "She's a very, very sweet little girl. You know, I've seen quite a few motion picture children in my time and I do think Gloria Jean is very sincere. I do think she has a good head on her shoulders and will keep it there. Of course," continued Deanna, with enchanting maturity, "it's impossible to keep it *entirely*. For, say what you will," said our Miss Durbin, "there is a difference between being a schoolgirl and a picture star. It's terribly difficult to keep your head, more difficult than anyone realizes. Everyone compliments you. Everyone is at your beck and call. And if you have been just a little girl living in the average home where you are pretty much at people's beck and call yourself, it's not easy to stay unspoiled. But I believe that Gloria Jean will, because she is fortunate enough to have just what I have—*a very sensible mother.*

"I'm only beginning now to realize what my mother has done for me. Well, Gloria Jean has a sensible mother, too. And like me, she does not come from wealthy people. You see" (and never before had I heard Deanna talk, certainly not about herself, of anything or anyone else, for that matter, so volubly, so willingly, so eagerly as she was now talking about Gloria Jean) "you see, what happened to Gloria Jean is almost exactly what happened to me. There I was, just going to school, studying voice, singing at church socials and things, then going on Eddie Cantor's program. Then I turned thirteen and, suddenly, there I was, in *movies!* A star! And there was Gloria Jean, just going to school, studying voice, with one "professional" engagement in a little opera company—and here she is, suddenly, in movies! A star! And she faces the only danger I ever faced, I think; the only danger any motion picture child ever faces—the danger of being spoiled. And she'll escape it, as I like to hope I've escaped it, because she has Mr. Pasternak to guide her, because she has a sensible mother.

"If she should ask *me* for any advice," said Deanna, thoughtfully, "I'd advise her to read *critical* fan letters as well as the complimentary ones. I do. But her mother will see to that, I know. I've seen her mother click her fingers and give a warning look at someone who was about to compliment Gloria Jean to her face. When Gloria's first rushes were shown and everyone was really raving, her mother just quietly told Gloria to keep on for the rest of the picture as she had been doing and she'd be 'all right.' And I know that her mother tells her that playing in a picture is just like playing a game at home except that here it is played for the amusement of thousands instead of just four or five.

"And I know that Mrs. Schoonover never, never makes any distinction between the girls. Gloria doesn't stand out at home, it's share and share alike. When her mother buys Gloria a new dress she always buys new dresses for the others, too, and so on. And Gloria Jean doesn't have any idea that she is being protected like this—any more than I had up to recently. Now I know, and am grateful. My mother sort of steered me around without my being conscious of it, just as Gloria is being steered now. Another thing, I think, is very important," said this wise, young Deanna, "is that Gloria Jean has made everyone who works with her, love her. The little girls who play bits and extras in her picture . . . I've heard her thanking each one of them for 'helping me' . . . Even the mothers of these children . . . and you know how mothers *are*," said Deanna (I managed not to laugh) "always thinking their own children are superior . . . well, even the mothers admit freely that Gloria is the superior one! And especially, the crew . . . I take a great pride in what my crew think of me. What they think of me is more important than what *anyone* thinks of me. They *are* the Important People to us and Gloria Jean seems to recognize this, instinctively. From my second picture to my last picture, I've had the same crew with me, and I've never once heard them open their mouths to say one single swear word.

"Being in pictures may mean giving up many things, like not going to school with your friends and all, but it gives things, too, for the things it takes away, like making your mother so proud of you and being able to do things for people.

"She'll be the 'Big Star' she wants to be," said Deanna confidently, "because she has a beautiful voice. Because she's a conscientious worker. And because she's so *sincere* about everything. Usually if a youngster isn't sincere, she'll slip up on something, do something that isn't 'in character.' But I have watched Gloria Jean working and playing and I've never seen her slip up—she just *doesn't*. She won't slip up," smiled Deanna, "she'll just keep on going up . . ."

And so, one little girl Grows Up . . . and another little girl begins.

NEW THRILLS

FOR YOUR LIPS AND HIS!



SENSATIONAL SWIVEL LIPSTICK HAS "Everything"

If it's adventure you want ... here it is! Smoother, more luscious, more indelible than ever, the famous SAVAGE becomes the New SAVAGE *Thril* LIPSTICK ...*a full size lipstick in a dashing swivel case* ... and in the season's newest costume shades ... only 25¢! At this price, you can afford to have a different SAVAGE *Thril*-LIPSTICK for each of your important dresses. You'll find them at all toilet goods counters. Thrill him tonight with

Newest Costume Shades
TANGERINE FLAME • NATURAL
BLUSH • JUNGLE ORCHID *(Purplish)*
DAWN PINK *(Pastel Pink)*
RUBY RED *(Blood Red)*

SAVAGE *Thril* LIPSTICK

Hush STOPS BODY ODORS

THREE SAFE WAYS
1 Hush CREAM for underarm perspiration
2 Hush LIQUID checks perspiration 1 to 3 days
3 Hush POWDER use on sanitary napkins



10¢ SIZES AT 10¢ COUNTERS
25¢, 50¢ AT DRUG, DEPT. STORES

PERFUME OF THE STARS

Franciska Gaal PERFUME

to make his heart skip a beat

Tonight . . let its unforgettable fragrance add to your charm. Franciska Gaal's own perfume. So different .. so lingering—it breathes Romance .. the glamour of Hollywood. Try it! Purse Size 10c at ten-cent stores.



Warren-Smith Co., Dept. 7-J, Defiance, Ohio
I'd like to try Franciska Gaal Perfume. I enclose 10c.

Name_____

Address_____

WARNING!

IF you are a young woman!
IF you have a daughter!
IF you have a girl friend!

Who Thinks She Has a Chance In

MOTION PICTURES

Make Sure You Read This

Revelation of Hollywood's "Seamy" Side

—

"HONEST CONFESSIONS of an EXTRA GIRL"

in the September SCREENLAND

SHE WAS REDUCED TO A SCREAMING WRECK!

STAY AWAY FROM HOLLYWOOD SHE WARNS YOU!

SHE BORROWED FROM HER LANDLADY TO BUY COSTUMES!

THE TALENT SCOUTS SCOUR THE WORLD FOR NEW TALENT, BUT THEY DON'T SEE THE EXTRAS UNDER THEIR EYES!

ONCE YOU ARE AN EXTRA YOU MIGHT AS WELL TRY TO RISE FROM THE DEAD AS RISE OUT OF THE EXTRA RANKS!

Don't Miss This BOMBSHELL in the September

SCREENLAND

10c Now on Sale 10c

Pictures on the Fire!

[Continued from page 57]

in Paris to sell the jewels of the Grand Duchess Swana.

Inasmuch as the jewels are not on display, since I have no money with which to buy them if they were and inasmuch as I know Melvyn better than I do Garbo, there is not much to interest me here, so I make my way to the next stage where—

"These Glamour Girls" is shooting. I don't know who the glamour girls are but there is great excitement in New York when the very important invitations to the Kingston houseparties are issued. I think Kingston is an imaginary college. Three of the Kingston boys (Lew Ayres, Tom Brown and Owen Davis, Jr.) are down at the Roselane taxi-dance emporium whooping it up. Lew, a little the worse for wear and slightly tipsy, is dancing with Lana Turner, one of the taxi girls. But the crepe rubber soles of his shoes stick to the floor. He calmly takes off his shoes and starts dancing. The bouncer (Tom Kennedy) has been eyeing all three of the boys suspiciously and when he sees Lew remove his brogans he stamps across the floor, grimly joyous.

"Okay, jitterbug!" he yells, grabbing Lew, "You can't dance that way!"

"It's better with the shoes off," Lew smiles ingenuously.

"Listen, buddy," Tom snarls, "put them violins back in their cases."

"My good man," Lew begins with drunken dignity, "Do you realize I am Philip Griswold, Third?"

"I don't care if you're Philip the 16th," Mr. Kennedy yaps. "Put on them shoes!"

"Is there an official notice on any point or fixture of these premises which says a gentleman may not remove his shoes?" Lew demands.

"Well, no—but——," Tom stammers.

"You see?" Mr. Ayres demands triumphantly of the other dancers who are crowding around to see what the fuss is about. "It's typical! You know what it is, don't you? It's un-American! It's a plot against the upper classes——"

"This ain't no plot," Kennedy mutters uncomfortably.

The scene is quite long and hilariously funny, with Kennedy coming off second best because at the end Lew is still dancing with his shoes off.

When the scene is finished Lew comes over to shake hands and tell me about his trip abroad. But before he gets very far Mr. Tom Brown, who is more concerned with the solid than the mental aspects of life, busts up and interrupts.

"Say!" he greets me. "How about having me over for one of those dinners you're getting famous for?"

I remember the last time I had a dinner, when Wayne Morris invited himself and some friends over for a meal and poker. I won $23 and lost $5 on the evening. The memory rankles and I squirm a little uncomfortably.

"Next Monday?" Tom inquires relentlessly. "That'll give you a week to get ready."

"I'll be very happy to come, too," Owen Davis, Jr., amends.

I thank them very gravely for their acceptance of an invitation that took shape only in their minds and leave before they imagine I've invited them for a week's visit.

* * *

AND so we come to "Thunder Afloat" starring Wallace Beery and Chester Morris, with Virginia Grey finally coming into her own and getting a leading part in a big picture.

The scene I watch is near the beginning of the picture and isn't important enough to describe. But when it is over Virginia catches sight of me. "Mookie!" she screams, rushing over and giving me a hug and a kiss.

"Gosh," I burble, "a welcome home like this makes me feel I should go away oftener——"

"And stay longer," a voice behind me mutters.

I wheel around and there is Mr. Chester Morris grinning like a Cheshire cat. "Hiya, Dick," he laughs.

Chester is another of my favorite people. It's good to see him again and better to know that he and his wife are reconciled. I tell him so and then beat it to the last stage on this lot where—

* * *

"MIRACLES FOR SALE" is in the works. This one features Florence Rice, Frank Craven and Robert Young. It is a murder mystery and it wouldn't be fair to tell you about the plot, save to say that Bob Young is a former stage magician who has gone into the business of manufacturing illusions for other performers. Craven is his father. Florence is in Bob's factory trying to help unravel a murder when she glances up and sees in the window the ghost of one of the murdered men. She lets out a scream that is a blood-curdler and makes a dash for the door.

Usually they have doubles to do the screaming for the stars in order to save their vocal chords but Florence is doing her own screaming and, I might add, doing a very thorough job of it.

"I haven't seen you since your marriage, to wish you happiness," I begin.

"Thanks, dear," Florence smiles.

"I can't understand how all you girls let me slip through your fingers," I grumble. "Why couldn't you have been happy with me?"

"Didn't you ever read or hear that old saw of Burns about 'Would someone the power give us,'" she grins, "or words to that effect."

Now there is as neat a verbal ripost as I have ever tried to dodge. I flush and avert my gaze as I try to think of the answer. And in averting my gaze I glance at her hair.

"My God!" I howl, "you've dyed your hair!"

"Yes," she beams. "Don't you like it?"

"No!" I yowl. "You used to have the prettiest hair in pictures and now you're just another blonde."

"And you're just another old fussbudget," she laughs, "but I still love you—in a nice, platonic way, of course."

There can be no answer to that one, so I leave her and jaunt on down the street to—

Selznick-International

HERE'S where the widely heralded and long awaited "Gone With the Wind" is in the final stages of production and "Intermezzo" is just starting.

The sets on the former picture are enough to make the mouth of a dyed-in-the-wool Southern, like myself, water. The house is furnished in authentic ante-bellum style and there are pieces any collector might envy.

The novel has been too widely read to necessitate going into the plot here. The scene they are taking today is where Rhett is preparing to leave the house in Atlanta, after he and Scarlett are married. They have just had another of their quarrels but as he starts out of his room she stops him in the hall to tell him she is going to have a baby—their second.

Clark Gable (*as* Rhett) *looks at her for a moment. "And who," he inquires sardonically, "is the lucky father?"*

Vivien Leigh (Scarlett) *looks at him in stunned silence for a moment. Then, "you* know *it's yours," she flares. As he stands regarding her with a nasty-nice smile on his face, she bursts out passionately, "I wish to God it wasn't! I don't want it any more than you do. No woman would want the child of a cad like you. I wish—I wish it was* anybody's *baby but yours."*

"Cheer up," Clark encourages her nastily. "Maybe you'll have an 'accident.'"

"Oh!" she gasps and then swings her fist at him. Clark ducks, she loses her balance and plunges head first down the long flight of stairs.

This is one of the most important scenes in the picture. David Selznick and all the other executives are on the set to watch it. "That's fine," Victor Fleming, the director, smiles when it's finished, "but let's do it once more to make sure." So they take it again and again he nods, "Great."

When you see this picture you will know how right you fans were to insist upon Clark for *Rhett* and you will know how right Mr. Selznick was to postpone production until he could get Clark for the part. And when you see Vivien Leigh as *Scarlett* you will know that no matter what your previous conception of *Scarlett* was (and I must confess mine was not Miss Leigh), *this* is *Scarlett*.

And all the rest of the cast—Leslie Howard as *Ashley*, Olivia DeHavilland as *Melanie*, Laura Hope Crewes as *Aunt Pittypat*, and Hattie McDaniel as Mammy—all slip gracefully and easily into their parts.

When you see this picture (and I know this is one film I don't have to tell you to put on your "must see" list) you will know that all the hullabaloo that was raised over the casting was for nothing. Here is Margaret Mitchell's book brought to life for you.

Paramount

THERE are only two pictures going here—Bing Crosby in "The Star Maker" and "Ruler of the Seas" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Margaret Lockwood.

I look for "The Star Maker" first because when Mr. Crosby is not in one of his moods he can usually be counted on for a few laughs. Happily for me, he is in very high spirits today and, what is even better, instead of acting he is recording. The song is "My Merry Oldsmobile" and until you hear Bing sing it you have never really heard this song. What a sense of rhythm that guy has! They take it over and over and over and I sit there loving it.

Finally when Bing and the thousand and one kids who are working with him in this picture get it recorded to the director's satisfaction, Bing comes over.

"Bing," I ask with a perfectly straight face, "all kidding aside, do *I* really sing as bad as Dixie says I do?"

Bing looks at me cautiously but I manage to keep my face sober (and I may add here that no one—not even Dietrich—sings as badly as I). "Well, pal," he answers hesitantly, unwilling to hurt my feelings because Bing is really one of the kindest hearted people I know, "I don't think I've ever heard you really level off."

"Well, tell the orchestra to strike up a tune and I'll level for you," I offer.

"No, no," he answers hastily. "These fellows are getting union prices and Mr. Paramount wouldn't like it if we used them for private entertainment."

This probably doesn't sound so funny but Bing's facial expression is a study. I can't hold in any longer and howl. Bing glances at me sheepishly and then joins in the laugh. "Git," he says finally. "I've got to work."

* * *

SO I meander over to "Ruler of the Seas." Doug, Jr., isn't working today but Miss Lockwood and Will Fyffe are. He is her father. They are in Montague Love's machine shop, where he works and where she has come to bring his lunch. It seems he was working night and day on an engine model but he was double-crossed and she finally got him to give up the idea and go back to regular work. Now she is trying to find out if he has any regrets. Will has regretted it every minute of every day but he doesn't want to hurt her or worry her by letting her know so he becomes evasive. But as I look at his tortured face I think of a poem I once read called "A Dream Lies Dead."

There being nothing else to see at Paramount, I proceed to—

Samuel Goldwyn Studios

TWO pictures going here, too—"The Real Glory" starring Gary Cooper, David Niven and Andrea Leeds, and "Music School" starring Jascha Heifetz.

"The Real Glory" deals with the birth of the Philippine Islands as a nation and a people. The locale is the island of Mindanao and Andrea has just arrived to visit her father, who will soon be in command of the garrison.

Gary and Niven (buddies) are vying for her favor and to see which will have the first dance at the ball being given in her honor. She is showing them some sleight-of-hand tricks. Then Niven shows her how to "pop." He puffs out his cheeks, inserts a finger in the corner of his mouth and emits a loud pop. Not to be outdone, Gary pops even louder. Then he wriggles his left ear, and then his right ear.

"Shucks," David comments. "Only one ear?"

REMOVE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR



For hair on chin cheeks upper lip arms legs



HARMLESS

LECHLER'S VELVET-STOHN

NOT A DEPILATORY

ODORLESS

A smooth pad that removes superfluous hair the new, clean, odorless way. As easy to use as a powder puff.



Only our laboratories can supply it to you direct by mail. Sent postpaid in sealed wrapper with plain label for $1

LECHLER LABORATORIES

560 Broadway Dept. K-7 New York, N.Y.

CANADA DUTY FREE

MEANT FOR EACH OTHER!

NEWEST HOLLYWOOD FAD

BOY FRIEND, GIRL FRIEND EXCHANGE IT with EACH OTHER! This GOOD LUCK COIN (OPENS) and is complete with a place for your SWEETHEART'S PICTURE, also identification card. The INSCRIPTION on this GOOD LUCK CHARM ALWAYS WORKS when thoughtfully applied. To HAVE IT is to HOLD IT forever and aye, by SENDING only 25c TODAY.

SEND MONEY—NO STAMPS

IMPERIAL TRADING CO., INC., 2 STONE ST., NEW YORK, N. Y

Switch to... ZIP

A PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION

CREAM DEODORANT

Stops Perspiration Annoyance. Destroys body Odors. Instantly effective. More for your money. Liberal size at 10c Stores. Large size at Dept.-Drug Stores

STOP Scratching Relieve Itch Fast -or Money Back

For quick relief from itching of eczema, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, scabies, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles, use world-famous, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Soothes irritation and quickly stops intense itching. 35c trial bottle proves it, or money back. Ask your druggist today for D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.

EARN EXTRA MONEY *at Home*



Increase your income at home by new, simple Wentworth Tempera Color method. We instruct you and supply you with work. Write today for FREE BOOKLET.

Wentworth Pictorial Company, Ltd. DEPT.130, Hamilton, Ont.

NEURITIS Relieve Pain in Few Minutes *or Money Back*

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or your money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for trustworthy NURITO on this guarantee.

CALL ME SIT-TRUE



STRONGER MORE ABSORBENT

AT 5 AND 10¢ AND BETTER DEPARTMENT STORES

"I can wriggle both ears at once," Gary remarks to Andrea—and proceeds to do it.

"Dr. Canavan, you are *accomplished," she smiles in simulated surprise. "Can you do anything else?"*

"I can make up limericks," he admits.

"Anybody can make limericks," Niven puts in disparagingly.

"I make them up on the spur of the moment—on any subject," he boasts.

"Really?" Andrea murmurs. "Let me hear you make one up."

"On what subject?" Gary takes up the challenge.

"Me."

The native orchestra starts playing dance music. Gary glances at them gravely and turns back to Andrea:

"Permit me, my dear Linda, now
To welcome you to Mindanao;
Mac and I are good pals
But there's a shortage of gals—
Could I please have this first
dance with thou?"

And with that he takes her in his arms and starts to dance while Mr. Niven glares helplessly after them.

"How's Buck (Richard) Arlen?" Gary inquires when the scene is finished.

"Fine," I respond.

"I haven't seen him in years," Gary says. "Ask him to give me a ring, will you?"

"Sure," I agree. "How's the baby?"

"Oh, she's great," he responds enthusiastically. "She talks so much I can't get a word in edgewise."

What makes that so funny is that Gary seldom utters more than a couple of sentences an hour.

As Gary is apparently in a talkative mood today I'd like to stay and chin with him, but there are still quite a few sets to be covered so I leave him for—

* * *

MUSIC SCHOOL." This should be a beautiful, heart-stirring picture. It deals with a settlement music school run by Walter Brennan, his daughter (Andrea Leeds again) and a happy-go-lucky young chap in love with her (Joel McCrea). One of the pupils is little Gene Reynolds, who has run away from an unhappy home and finds he has inherited a love of music from his dead father. He starts studying the violin. When the school is near closing through lack of funds he and the others take their instruments to Carnegie Hall where Heifetz is to give a concert. They station themselves outside the hall and begin giving a concert of their own in the hope of raising funds. The takings are slim, however, but just as they are on the verge of despair, Heifetz pauses on his way into the hall, gives them what change he has at the moment and promises to send them a reel of his own playing.

And so we come to —

Universal

THE big number at this studio is "A Modern Cinderella" starring Irene Dunne. With the exception of "Cimarron" and "Love Affair" all of Irene's biggest hits have been on this lot—"Back Street," "Magnificent Obsession" and "Showboat"—so there's every reason to hope for another ten-strike in this opus.

Irene is a waitress, and a labor agitator has been urging the girls to strike for better wages. They are holding a meeting to decide whether or not to strike. There is a great deal of argument pro and con when Irene rises from her seat.

"I don't know what right I *have to speak," she begins nervously, "perhaps none. Because, in a way, I'm more fortunate than most of you. I have no family to support. I'm alone in the world and I can get along on my earnings as a waitress. I can even put a few pennies aside every week so that some day I might be able to do something else—stand on my own feet—and enjoy life and feel like a free human being." Her voice rises and she gains confidence as she continues: "But I've worked with you girls and I've watched the worry and fear on your faces. I've seen you tremble at the thought of losing your jobs. I know your struggle to make one penny do for two, the way you skimp and save, and still never have an extra dollar for a new hat, a pair of stockings, for any of the million things a girl might want. Those tired eyes of yours at the end of the day. That last hour which never seems to end, when you want to cry out with pain. You're tired and dazed and you can't sleep at night. Then comes the next day and the next, and still another—without hope of escape. You want to work—yes! But you want your self-respect, too! And that's what Mr. Smith (Onslow Stevens) means when he says you have to fight for your rights. And if fighting means to live decently, and to hope for some of the things that make life worthwhile—then I say, 'Let's strike!'"*

Florence Lake leaps to her feet shouting "Strike!" She is quickly followed by Inez Courtney yelling the same thing. And then there is another girl and another and another screaming 'Strike!" until the place is a bedlam.

It is one of the longest speeches I've ever heard recorded but Irene makes four takes without blowing up once and it is a tribute to her artistry that when she has finished there is a spontaneous burst of applause from the extras and crew—and that is something that doesn't often happen on a sound stage.

Warner Brothers

THERE are a bunch of big pictures going here. The most important is "The Lady and the Knight" starring Bette Davis and Errol Flynn, but as that has been held up for a week on account of Bette's laryngitis and Errol's auto accident we'll let that wait until next month.

* * *

NEXT, there is "Dust Be My Destiny" starring John Garfield and Priscilla Lane. John has served sixteen months in a penitentiary for a burglary he did not commit. Then he's sentenced to the county work farm for copping a ride on a freight train. Stanley Ridges, the drunken farm foreman, conceives a violent hatred for John when he discovers Priscilla (his step-daughter) and John are attracted to each other. They are both looking for someone or something to hang on to. They find what they seek in each other. But their dreams are shattered when Ridges finds them together one evening. He strikes the girl and John knocks his down. Ridges gets to his feet, chases the frightened youngsters a short distance and then collapses. A guard finds him—dead.

Unaware of Ridges' fate, John and Priscilla decide to make a break. They hitchhike to a nearby city where the promoter of a theatre wedding persuades them to take the place of the couple that ran out on him. It means a month's free rent and a cash prize to the penniless boy and girl. The wedding is over and they are waiting in the manager's office for him to come in and give them their cash.

There is a tender little love scene, but as they are in the midst of an embrace, the voice of a news commentator comes over the radio: "This is your Dixie reporter bringing you the latest news of the day. Flash! Tragedy struck at Rosedale Work Farm." John straightens up and rushes over to the radio where he stands listening, with Pat right behind him. "Joe Bell (Garfield), a young convict, struck down and murdered the workhouse foreman," the voice goes on. "Bell then fled the scene of the crime with Mabel Alden, stepdaughter of the murdered man. The engine town of Rosedale is aroused and posses have been organized to scour the country."

John snaps off the radio. "Come on," he orders tersely.

"Where?" Pat asks.

"We'll figure that our later," he replies. "Come on." He opens the door to a fire exit and leads her out.

"Hi, son," he says when the scene is finished. "I'm getting a six weeks' vacation when this picture is finished and I can't decide whether to tour the Rockies and High Sierras or go up into Canada to Lake Banff and Lake Louise or go to Mexico or to Europe."

"Europe!" I echo. "Are you crazy? What in blazes do you want to go to Europe now for?"

"The Moscow Art Players are having their annual festival," he explains. "We could get there for that."

"You better stay in this country where you belong instead of jumping into that madhouse over there," I rejoin.

"If we go up into the Rockies will you come along?" he asks.

"Gee whiz," I protest, "I just got back from a two months' trip. I've got to stay here and work."

"When did work ever stop you from taking a trip?" he scoffs. "I guess you're right, though. I'd better see America first. And you'll go when the time comes." (NB. As this is written, Mr. Garfield is sojourning in Mexico City and Mr. Mook is still pounding a typewriter in Hollywood).

* * *

NOW we have "Career Man" with Joel McCrea (the way players are jumping from one picture to another and working in two pictures at once these days is making me dizzier than usual), and Brenda Marshall (Warner Brothers' new find). This deals with this country's answer to the espionage system employed by foreign countries in the U. S.

This scene is pleasant but it isn't important to the picture's continuity so we'll skip it.

And the same applies to "The Return of Dr. X" starring Wayne Morris, in which (as Walter Winchell said of "Missing Daughters") he is a reporter with more pull than Mussolini.

* * *

I guess that takes good care of the sets so, until next month, so long, folks.

THE CUNEO PRESS, INC., U. S. A.

There's ONE NEGLECT* few Husbands can forgive

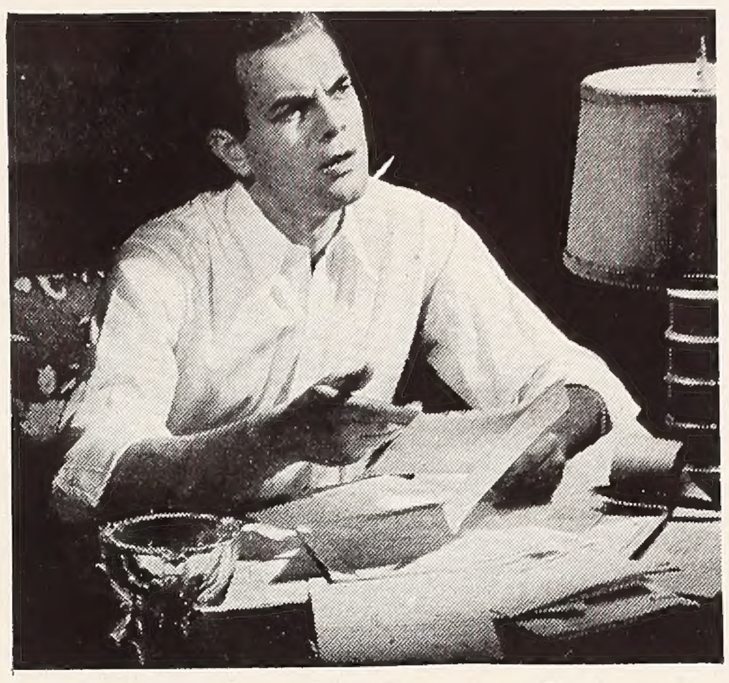
. . . but "Lysol" can help correct it!



Do you neglect his Home? He may forgive indifferent housekeeping, if you aren't indifferent about keeping *yourself* attractive.



Do you neglect his Food? He may forgive uninteresting meals and poor cooking, if you yourself are sweetly fresh.



Do you neglect his Expenses? He may even forgive extravagances, if they help to make *you* more attractive.



Do you neglect his Comfort? He may forgive carelessness about *his* clothes, if you're careful about your own person.



Do you neglect his Pride? He may forgive you for embarrassing criticism, if you are above reproach yourself.

BUT...do you neglect yourself?

MOST HUSBANDS *CAN'T* FORGIVE THAT

**Carelessness* about intimate cleanliness. Make it a regular habit to use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. Avoid this *one neglect*.

CARELESSNESS about feminine hygiene, say many doctors and psychiatrists, may be the cause of many marriage failures.

The intelligent modern woman uses "Lysol" for this important habit of personal cleanliness. You ought to use "Lysol" in *your* routine of intimate hygiene.

For a full half-century, "Lysol" has earned the confidence of thousands of women, hundreds of doctors, nurses, hospitals and clinics. Probably no other product is so widely used for this purpose. Some of the reasons why "Lysol" is so valuable in feminine hygiene are . . .

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

4—Economy. . ."Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . ."Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

1889—50th ANNIVERSARY—1939



Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. S. S.-909, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



IT'S A DATE... *with* *Chesterfield*

... the cigarette that's different from all others

It's the RIGHT COMBINATION of mild, ripe, home-grown and aromatic Turkish tobaccos .. the world's best .. that makes Chesterfield the milder and better-tasting cigarette ..

A HAPPY COMBINATION for MORE SMOKING PLEASURE

Copyright 1939, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.